

S. G. and E. L. ELBERT

WILLIAM M.



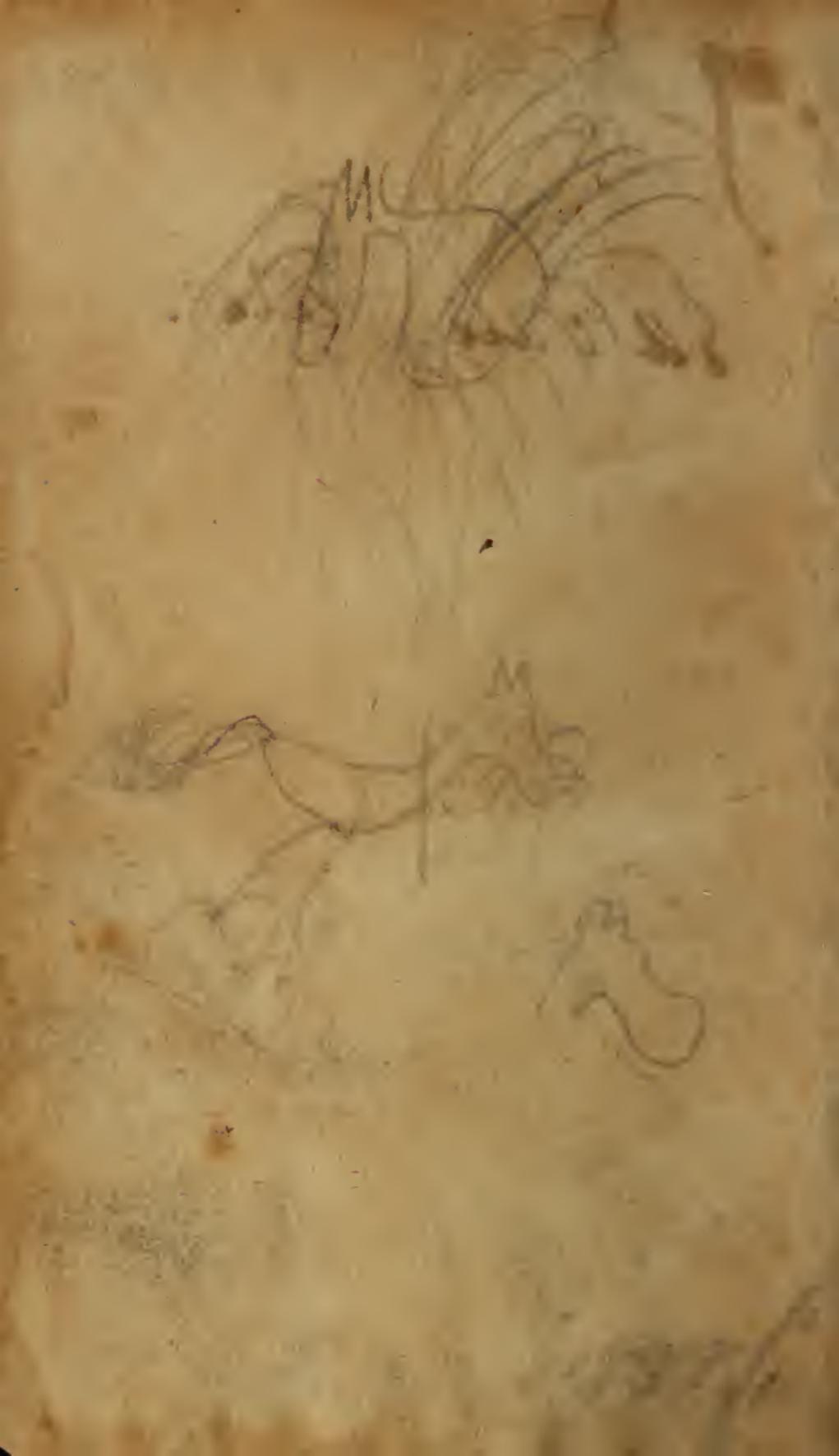
WILLIAM M.

ELLA SMITH ELBERT 188

Presented by

The Ministerium

No \_\_\_\_\_ KATHARINE E. COMAN



THE  
**AFRICAN UNION,**  
**HYMN-BOOK**

DESIGNED AS A COMPANION FOR THE PIous,  
AND FRIENDS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

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COLLECTED FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS:

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"Sing, O Heavens; and be joyful O Earth; and break forth into singing, O Mountains! for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted." *Isaiah xlvi. 13.*

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SECOND EDITION—ENLARGED.

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**1829.**



TO THE  
**MEMBERS,**  
OF THE  
**AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,**  
**IN THE UNITED STATES;**

DEAR FRIENDS :

ALTHOUGH we esteem our Hymn-Book in present use among the best, yet in the great increase of our Church, it has been thought defective in size, and that this deficiency ought to be remedied, by a careful selection of the best Hymns from various authors. In conformity with this conviction, you are now presented with a book containing about *two hundred and fifty Hymns*, not as a substitute, but to aid and strengthen the other, that thereby you may be the better able to furnish yourselves with a pleasing and profitable variety of Hymns suited to every case, state and circumstance. We are the more delighted with this design, as no personal advantage is concerned; but the public good alone—for after the necessary expences of publication are discharged, we shall apply the profits, if any there be, to religious purposes.

As in the former, we here earnestly exhort you to "sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also," that in all your worship you may set the Lord

before you, for without this is done, all our singing and all our praying are in vain; therefore when you sing, sing to the Lord, and when you pray, pray to the Lord, and we shall rejoice with you—then will the high praises of God be set up from East to West, from North to South, and then it may be said, they that were not a people have become the people of God, and we shall rejoice in trying to lead you in the way which we think is pleasing to the Lord.

*We remain your brethren in the Lord,*

PETER SPENCER,

WILLIAM ANDERSON

JAMES HILL.

# HYMNS.

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## HYMN 1. C. M.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
    My great Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of my God and king,  
    The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious master and my God,  
    Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
    The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
    That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
    'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
    He sets the pris'ner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
    His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
    Your God, ye fallen race ;  
Look and be say'd through faith alone,  
    Be justify'd by Grace.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;  
    The Lamb of God was slain ;  
His soul was once an offering made  
    For every soul of man.

## HYMN 2.

- 1 Come ye sinners poor and needy,  
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
   Full of pity love and power.  
     He is able,  
     He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now ye needy come in welcome  
   God's free bounty glorify :  
 True belief and true repentance,  
   Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh  
     Without money,  
     Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
   Nor of fitness fondly dream,  
 All the fitness he requires,  
   Is to feel your need of him :  
     This he gives you.  
     'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come ye weary heavy laden,  
   Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
   You will never come at all.  
     Not the righteous,  
     Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo the incarnate God ascending,  
   Pleads the merits of his blood ;

Venture on him, venture freely,  
 Let no other trust intrude.  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

**HYMN 3.**

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet blow,  
 The gladly solemn sound,  
 Let all the nations know  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 Jesus our great high priest,  
 Hath full atonement made,  
 Ye weary spirits rest,  
 Ye mournful souls be glad ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all atoning Lamb,  
 Redemption in his blood,  
 Throughout the world proclaim ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive ;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
     The news of heavenly grace,  
 And sav'd from earth appear,  
     Before your Saviour's face ;  
     The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

## HYMN 4. c. m.

- 1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,  
     For you he suffer'd pain :  
 Swearers, for you he spill'd his blood,  
     And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,  
     Your basest crimes he bore :  
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,  
     That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love to earth he came,  
     That you might come to Heaven ;  
 Believe, believe in Jesus' name,  
     And all your sin's forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him who dy'd for thee,  
     And sure as he hath dy'd,  
 The debt is paid, thy soul is free,  
     And thou art justify'd.

## HYMN 5. s. m.

- 1 O that I could repent !  
     O that I could believe !

Thou by thy voice the marble rent,  
 The rock in sunder cleave,  
 Thou by thy two-edg'd sword,  
 My soul and spirit part,  
 Strike by the hammer of thy word,  
 And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,  
 The double grace bestow ;  
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
 And let the captive go.  
 Grant me my sins to feel,  
 And then the load remove ;  
 Wound and pour in my wounds to heal,  
 The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,  
 The cursed thing remove,  
 And into thy protection take,  
 The pris'ner of thy loye,  
 In every trying hour,  
 Stand by my feeble soul,  
 And save me from my nature's pow'r,  
 Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,  
 That I should holy be,  
 Should let my sins this moment go,  
 This moment turn to thee.  
 O might I now embrace  
 Thine all sufficient power !

And never more to sin give place,  
And never grieve thee more !

**HYMN 6. C. M.**

- 1 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone !  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—  
Return ye sons of men :  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 6 Time like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
 And our perpetual home.

**HYMN 7. C. M.**

- 1 Thee we adore eternal name ;  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As days and months increase ;  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell  
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away,  
 The breath that first it gave ;  
 What e'er we do by night or day  
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread,  
 Hang everlasting things ;  
 The eternal state of all the dead ;  
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Waken O Lord ! our drowsy sense  
 To walk this dang'rous road ;

And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

HYMN 8. C. M.

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear ?
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My soul with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought !
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear ?
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart  
Timely my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears  
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure,  
Who knows thine only Son hath died  
To make that pardon sure.

## HYMN 9. P. M.

- 1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
   All thy mourning days below,  
   Go, by angel guards attended,  
   To the sight of Jesus go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
   Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;  
   Shows the purchase of his merit,  
   Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
   To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;  
   To his uttermost salvation,  
   To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,  
   Bear a momentary pain ;  
   Die to live a life of glory ;  
   Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

## HYMN 10. S. M.

- 1 Ah ! whither shall I go,  
   Burden'd, and sick, and faint ?  
   To whom should I my trouble show,  
   And pour out my complaint ?  
   My Saviour bids me come.  
   Ah ! Why do I delay ;  
   He calls the weary sinner home ;  
   And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,

From which I will not part ?  
 Which will not let my Saviour take  
     Possession of my heart ?  
 Some cursed thing unknown  
     Must surely lurk within ;  
 Some idol which I will not own  
     Some secret, bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show.  
     Which I have feared to see ;  
 And let me now consent to know,  
     What keeps me out of thee :  
 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
     Thy trying power display ;  
 Into its darkest corners shine,  
     And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee  
     Compassion reigns alone :  
 According to my faith, to me  
     O let it, Lord, be done !  
 In me is all the bar.  
     Which thou would'st fain remove ;  
 Remove it, and I shall declare  
     That God is only love.

**HYMN 11. Part 1st. s. m.**

1 Innumerable foes  
     Attack the child of God :  
 He feels within the weight of sin,  
     A grievous galling load.

- 2 Temptations too without  
     Of various kinds assault—  
     Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,  
     And often make him halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint,  
     He meets with many a blow  
     His own bad heart creates a smart,  
     Which only God can know.
- 4 But though the host of hell  
     Be neither weak nor small,  
     One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,  
     And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride ;  
     That sin by God abhor'd—  
     Do what we will it haunts us still,  
     To keep us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,  
     And bloats the soul with air,  
     The heart uplifts in God's own gifts,  
     And makes e'en grace a snare.
- 7 Our condescending God,  
     To whom else can we go—  
     Remove our pride, what e'er betide,  
     And make and keep us low.

**HYMN 12. Part 2d. s. m.**

- 1 Awake, nay while we sleep,  
     In all we think or speak,

It puffs us glad, torments us sad,  
Its holds we cannot break.

- 2 In other ills we find  
The hand of heaven not slack,  
Pride only knows to interpose,  
And keep our comforts back.
- 3 'Tis hurtful when perceived,  
When unperceiv'd 'tis worse :  
Unseen or seen it dwells within,  
And works by fraud or force.
- 4 Against its influence pray,  
It mingles with the pray'r ;  
Against it preach, it prompts the speech;  
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 5 This moment while I sing,  
I feel its power within,  
My heart it draws to seek applause,  
And mixes all with sin.
- 6 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,  
This hungry tyrant kill,  
That wounded thee tho' thou wast free,  
And grieves thy Spirit still.

### HYMN 13. c. M.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
   Thy goodness I adore :  
   Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
   That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
   Of the celestial road ;  
   And march with courage in thy strength  
   To see the Lord my God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
   For some surprising sin,  
   I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
   And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell,  
   The vict'ries of my king ;  
   My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
   Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
   My Saviour and my God,  
   His death has brought my foes to shame,  
   And sav'd me by his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake my tuneful powers,  
   With this delightful song,  
   I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
   Nor think the season long.

## HYMN 14. C. M.

- 1 Why should the children of a King  
   Go mourning all their days ?

Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace !

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven,  
When wilt thou banish my complaints  
And shew my sins forgiven.
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part,  
In the Redcemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
May thy blest wings celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me home.

#### HYMN 15. c. m.

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice,  
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere ;  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee ?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree ?

- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
     His desperate state explain :  
     And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
     And penitential pain.
- 6 Speak with that voice that wakes the  
     And bid the sleeper rise ;       [dead,  
     And bid his guilty conscience dread  
     The death that never dies :
- 6 I must this instant now begin  
     Out of my sleep to wake,  
     And turn to God, and every sin  
     Continually forsake.
- 7 I must for faith incessant cry,  
     And wrestle, Lord, with thee :  
     I must be born again, or die  
     To all eternity.

## HYMN 16. c. m.

- 1 Come O thou all-victorious Lord,  
     Thy power to us make known :  
     Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
     And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin  
     Our foolishness to mourn !  
     And turn at once from every sin,  
     And to the Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
     In this our gracious day ;

Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.

- 4 Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release ;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load ;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In thy atoning blood.
- 6 Our desp'rate state, through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven :  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

#### HYMN 17. C M.

- 1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee Lord,  
With unavailing pain :  
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,  
And near thy altar drew ;  
A form of godliness was mine,  
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,  
Nor knew its deep design :  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
And height of love divine.

- 4 I see the perfect law requires  
 Truth in the inward parts ;  
 Our full consent, our whole desires,  
 Our undivided hearts.
- 5 But I of means have made by boast,  
 Of means an idol made ;  
 The spirit in the letter lost,  
 The substance in the shade.
- 6 Where am I now, or what my hope ?  
 What can my weakness do ?  
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up :  
 'Tis thou must make it new.

### HYMN 18. L. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be,  
 That I no more shall break with thee ?  
 When will this war of passion cease,  
 And my free soul enjoy thy peace.
- 2 Here I repent and sin again,  
 Now I revive, and now am slain ;  
 Slain with the same unhappy dart  
 Which ah ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be  
 A garden seal'd to all but thee,  
 No more exposed, no more undone,  
 But live and grow to thee alone.
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course  
 And draw me on with thy sweet force ;

Still make me walk, still make me tend  
By thee my way, to thee my end.

HYMN 19. s. m.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call ;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer,  
This dungeon where I dwell :  
'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are ?  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.
- 4 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford :  
No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 6 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll :  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

7 To thee my spirits fly  
 With infinite desire :  
 And yet how far from thee I lie !  
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

## HYMN 20. s. m.

- 1 The praying spirit breathe,  
 The watching power impart ;  
 From all entanglements beneath  
 Call off my peaceful heart.
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,  
 By worldly thoughts oppress'd :  
 Appear, and bid me turn again  
 To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,  
 Thine own this moment seize,  
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
 And keep in perfect peace.
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove  
 O'er all the earth abroad,  
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,  
 And shut me up in God.

## HYMN 21. c. m.

- 1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,  
 In this our evil day :  
 To all thy tempted foll'wers give  
 The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
     Long as the cross we bear ;  
     O let our souls on thee be cast  
         In never-ceasing prayer !
- 3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
     Till thou thyself bestow ;  
     Be this the cry of every heart,  
         I will not let thee go.
- 4 I will not let thee go, unless  
     Thou tell thy name to me .  
     With all thy great salvation bless,  
         And make me all like thee.
- 5 Then let me on the mountain top  
     Behold thy open face ;  
     Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
         And prayer in endless praise.

## HYMN 22. S. M.

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,  
     On thee I cast my care,  
     With humble confidence look up,  
         And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
     Give me on thee to wait,  
         Till I can all things do,  
     On thee, Almighty to create,  
         Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
     A self renouncing will,

That tramples down, and casts behind,  
The baits of pleasing ill.

A soul innur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,

A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,

To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my suff'rings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never never faint.

HYMN 23. s. m.

1 A charge to keep I have ;  
A God to glorify ;

A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil :

Ó may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live :  
And O, thy servant, Lord prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely :  
Assur'd if I my trust betray  
I shall for ever die.

#### HYMN 24. s. m.

- 1 The thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do,  
Thy creature Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew ;  
My soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,  
Jesus to me impart,  
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,  
Ó write it on my heart !  
Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove,  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,  
 Thy spotless sanctity,  
 And sweetly every moment draw  
 My happy soul to thee.  
 Soul of my soul remain,  
 Who did'st for all fulfil,  
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

## HYMN 25. c. m.

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply,  
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe :  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conq'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
 Still with the rebel strive :  
 Enter my soul and work within,  
 And kill and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
 As the old Adam dies ;  
 Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,  
 Who would not own thy sway ;  
 Diffuse thine image through my soul,  
 Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
 And seal me thine abode ;

O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God.

**HYMN 26. c. m.**

- 1 Dear friends farewell, I now must go,  
The gospel for to preach ;  
My master calls me so to do,  
His people for to teach.
- 2 While I was here, you have been dear,  
And have been very kind,  
But now in grace, I leave this place,  
And leave you all behind.
- 3 Weep not for me, for here you see,  
My trials have been great,  
And now in grace, I quit this place,  
And change my mournful state.
- 4 'Twill not be long, before the church  
Will all together be,  
And you that love the Lord below,  
Shall then your Saviour see.
- 5 There you shall join, in songs divine,  
God's holy name to praise,  
And see his smiles, forget the toils  
Of these few evil days.
- 6 There you shall stand, at his right hand,  
And in his presence dwell,  
And him adore, forevermore,  
So brethren now farewell.

## HYMN 27. C. M.

- 1 Hark! hear the sound, on earth is found,  
My soul delights to hear  
Redeeming love, that's from above,  
And pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's ministers, like flaming fire,  
Are going through the land ;  
The sound is here, repent and fear,  
King Jesus is at hand.
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay,  
They're mounted on the truth ;  
The saints in pray'r cry Lord draw near,  
Have mercy on the youth.
- 4 Young converts sing, praise Christ your  
And bless God's holy name. [king,  
Whilst older saints, who still advance,  
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God grant a shower, of heavenly power,  
On every aching heart,  
That sincerely to thee doth cry,  
That they may have a part.
- 6 Jesus I thirst, and come I must,  
I long to be above,  
Where I may sing, and praise my king,  
Where oceans flow with love.
- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days, to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

**HYMN 28. P. M.**

*To be sung before going to Meeting.*

- 1 The Saviour meets his flock to-day ;  
Shall I in sloth abide at home ?  
Shall I behind the people stay,  
When Jesus calls there still is room.  
I'll go, it is a place of prayer,  
Who knows but God may meet me there?
- 2 To-day Immanuel feeds his saints,  
And here the christians find their king,  
They all lay open their complaints,  
And here the Saviour's praise they sing;  
Into their number I'll presume,  
Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait,  
And so't the Lord full four-score years,  
Both day and night the temple gate,  
She watch'd with many sighs and tears  
And seldom left the house of prayer,  
Till God was pleas'd to meet her there.
- 4 Remove temptations, O my Lord,  
And let my enemies be slain,  
Which would withdraw me from thy word  
And plunge me in the world again ;  
And when the Bride-groom shall appear,  
O may my soul be found in prayer.

## HYMN 29. s. m.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears,  
     Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
     God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
     God shall lift up thy head :  
     Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
     He gently clears thy way ;  
     Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
     Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ;  
     Still sink thy spirits down ?  
     Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
     And every care be gone :  
     What though thou rulest not,  
     Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
     Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,  
     And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
     Our hearts are known to thee ;  
     O lift thou up the sinking head,  
     Confirm the feeble knee ;  
     Let us in life, in death,  
     Thy steadfast truth declare ;  
     And publish with our latest breath,  
     Thy love and guardian care.

## HYMN 30. c. m.

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
     To thee for help we fly :

Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O, the wolf is nigh !

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every straggling soul  
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm ;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree,  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die :  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

### HYMN 31. s. m.

1 Bid me of men beware,  
And to my ways take heed,  
Discern their ev'ry secret snare  
And circumspectly tread.

- 2 O may I calmly wait,  
   Thy succour from above,  
   And stand against their open hate  
   And well dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit Lord alarm,  
   When men and devils join ;  
   'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,  
   In righteousness divine.
- 4 O may I set my face  
   His onsets to repel ;  
   Quench all his fiery darts, and chase  
   The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 Hang on thy arm alone  
   With self-distrusting care,  
   And deeply in the spirit groan,  
   The never ceasing prayer.

### HYMN 32.

- 1 Death cannot make our souls afraid,  
   If God be with us there ;  
   We may walk through her darkest shade,  
   And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
   If my Creator bid ;  
   And run, if Jesus call'd to go,  
   And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
   And view the promis'd land ;

My flesh itself would long to drop,  
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.

**HYMN 33. s. m.**

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving feast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
That's spent in guilt and sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

**HYMN 34.**

1 The times draw nigh, when you and I,  
Are to be separated ;  
But this doth grieve, our hearts to leave,  
Each other to be parted ;

**But let us see eternity,**

And meet the saints with joy ;  
**Our sighings o'er, we'll part no more,**  
**But reign with Christ in glory.**

- 2 When Christians join, it is most fine,**  
 For to adore their Saviour :  
**High they can raise, their songs of praise,**  
 And follow him for ever.  
**But when they part, it grieves their heart**  
 They here are so united ;  
**They fain would be in company,**  
 Always they're so delighted.

- 3 Well brethren dear, dont let us fear,**  
 We soon shall live together ;  
**When Christ descends, to call his friends,**  
 We then shall meet each other ;  
**Then to sit down, around the throne,**  
 With saints and lovely Jesus ;  
**Eternal love we'll sing above,**  
 And nothing then will grieve us.

- 4 The Lamb appears, to wipe all tears,**  
 And to complete our glory ;  
**Then shall we rest, with all the blest,**  
 And tell the lovely story.  
**To sit and tell, Christ loved us well,**  
 And that while we were sinners ;  
**Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,**  
 Glory to the Redeemer.

## HYMN 35. c. m.

- 1 Come dear friends and mourn with me,  
In my afflicted state ;  
I am bereav'd as you may see,  
Of my dear loving mate.
- 2 Her heart was bound with mine in love  
Good works for to maintain ;  
But she has gone to Christ above  
For ever there to reign.
- 3 Why do you mourn, perhaps you'll say,  
Since God has thought it best  
To take her soul from earth away,  
To its eternal rest ?
- 4 'Tis for my loss that I complain,  
But I will mourn no more,  
Since my great loss is but her gain,  
She's found the heavenly shore.
- 5 My children cry, no mother by,  
To dandle on the knee ;  
The breach is great, it doth create,  
Much grief as all may see.
- 6 But I do find my heart inclin'd,  
To lean upon the Lord ;  
Who doth me bless, in my distress,  
And doth his help afford.
- 7 Since it is so, let sorrows go,  
My God hath sent his rod ;

He doth his will, I must be still,  
And know that he is God.

## HYMN 36. c. m.

- 1 My head and stay is gone away,  
And I am left alone,  
My husband dear, who was so near,  
Is took away and gone.
- 2 It grieves my heart, 'tis hard to part  
With one that was so kind ;  
Where shall I go to vent my smart,  
Or ease my troubled mind.
- 3 In wisdom's ways, we spent our days,  
Much comfort we did find ;  
But he is gone, in dust he lays,  
But I am left behind.
- 4 But I'll repair, to Jesus, where  
I'll raise my troubled breast ;  
To Christ above, who is my love  
And mine eternal rest.
- 5 And O that he, would send for me  
And call my spirit home—  
To worlds of rest, among the blest,  
Where sorrows never come.

## HYMN 37. s. m.

- 1 And am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade,  
 Unpierc'd by human thought ;  
 The dreary regions of the dead,  
 Where all things are forgot.

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,  
 What will become of me ?  
 Eternal happiness or woe  
 Must then my portion be !  
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
 I from my grave must rise,  
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
 And see the flaming skies !

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb ?  
 With triumph or regret ?  
 A fearful or a joyful doom.  
 A curse or blessing meet ?  
 Will angel bands convey  
 Their brother to the bar ?  
 Or devils drag my soul away  
 To meet its sentence there ?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt  
 That tears my anxious breast ?  
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
 Or number'd with the blest ?  
 I must from God be driven,  
 Or with my Saviour dwell ;  
 Must come at his command to heaven,  
 Or else depart to hell.

5 Thou art thyself the way,  
 Thyself in me reveal ;  
 So shall I spend my life's short day  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 So shall I love my God,  
 Because he first loved me,  
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,  
 To all eternity.

**HYMN 38. s. M.**

- 1 Shall wisdom cry aloud,  
 And not her speech be heard ?  
 The voice of God's eternal word,  
 Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,  
 His everlasting Son,  
 Before the first of all his works,  
 Creation was begun.
- 3 Before the flying clouds,  
 Before the solid land,  
 Before the fields, before the floods,  
 I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,  
 And built them, I was there,  
 To order when the sun should rise,  
 And marshal every star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,  
 And spread the flowing deep,

I gave the flood a firm decree,  
In its own bounds to keep.

- 6 Upon the empty air,  
The earth was balanc'd well;  
With joy I saw the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 Then come, receive my grace,  
Ye children, and be wise:  
Happy the man that keeps my ways;  
The man that shuns them dies."

### HYMN 39.

- 1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking,  
Joyful times are near at hand;  
God the mighty God, is speaking  
By his word, in every land;  
When he chooses  
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,  
Let us hail the rising day;  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day;  
At his presence  
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad;

Ev'ry language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.

- 4 O'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,  
    To our hearts to hear each day,  
Joyful news from far arriving,  
    How the gospel wings its way,  
    Those enlightening  
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
    Let thy people see thy hand ;  
Let the gospel be victorious,  
    Through the world in every land,  
    And the idols  
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 40. s. M.

- 1 My Saviour's wounded side  
    Pour'd out a double flood :  
By water we are purified,  
    And pardon'd by the blood.
- 2 Call'd from above, I rise,  
    And wash away my sin ;  
The streams to which my spirit flies,  
    Can make the foulest clean.
- 3 It runs divinely clear,  
    A fountain deep and wide ;  
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear  
    In my Redeemer's side !

## HYMN 41. L. M.

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Honor the means ordain'd by thee !  
Make good our apostolic boast,  
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 Father, in these reveal thy Son :  
In these for whom we seek thy face ;  
The hidden mystery make known,  
The inward pure baptizing grace.
- 3 Jesus, with us thou always art,  
Effectuate the sacred sign,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits thou !  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now !

## HYMN 42. S. M.

- 1 Let all who truly bear  
The bleeding Saviour's name,  
Their faithful hearts with us prepare  
And eat the paschal Lamb ;  
Our passover was slain  
At Salem's hallow'd place,  
Yet we who in our tents remain,  
Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 Who thus our faith employ  
His sufferings to record ;

E'en now we mournfully enjoy  
 Communion with our Lord ;  
 As though we ev'ry one  
 Beneath his cross had stood.  
 And saw him heave, & heard him groan,  
 And felt his gushing blood.

3 O God, 'tis finished now,  
 The mortal pang is past ;  
 By faith, his head we see him bow,  
 And hear him breathe his last ;  
 We too with him are dead,  
 And shall with him arise ;  
 The cross on which he bows his head,  
 Shall lift us to the skies.

### HYMN 43. S M.

- 1 Jesus, we thus obey  
 Thy last and kindest word :  
 Here in thine own appointed way,  
 We come to meet our Lord.
- 2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,  
 Thou wilt therein appear ;  
 We come with confidence to find  
 Thy special presence here.
- 3 Whate'er th' Almighty can  
 To pardon'd sinners give,  
 The fulness of our God made man,  
 We here with Christ receive.

## HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray :  
     I am for ever thine ;  
     I fear before thee all the day,  
         Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
     From cares and business free,  
     'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
         With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
     And when my work is done,  
     Great God, my faith and hope relies  
         Upon thy grace alone. [peace,
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to  
     I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
     Thine hand in safety keeps my days,  
         And will my slumbers keep.

## HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
     My voice ascending high :  
     To thee will I direct my prayer,  
         To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
     To plead for all his saints,  
     Presenting at his Father's throne  
         Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
     The wicked shall not stand,

Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.
- 5 Now to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

### HYMN 46. C. M.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed !  
And did my Sov'reign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in ;  
When Christ the mighty maker died  
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears,

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
     The debt of love I owe :  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
     'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN 47. s. M.

- 1 And are we yet alive  
     To see each others' face ?  
 Glory and praise to Jesus give  
     For his redeeming grace :  
 Preserv'd by power divine,  
     To feel salvation here,  
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
     And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !  
     What conflicts have we past !  
 Fightings without and fears within,  
     Since we assembled last !  
 But out of all, the Lord  
     Hath brought us by his love ;  
 And still he doth his help afford,  
     And hide our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast  
     Of his redeeming power,  
 Which saves us to the uttermost,  
     Till we shall sin no more :  
 Let us take up the cross,  
     Till we the crown obtain,  
 And gladly reckon all things loss,  
     So we but Jesus gain.

## HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
     Of every sinful heart :  
     Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
         O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
     Leave us not comfortless :  
     But guide our feet into the way  
         Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
     Each other's cross to bear ;  
     Let each his friendly aid afford,  
         And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
     Our little stock improve ;  
     Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
         And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
     Let us in all things grow ;  
     Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
         And spotless here below.
- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
     Receive thy ready bride ;  
     Give us in heaven a happy lot  
         With all the sanctified.

## HYMN 49. P. M.

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,  
     Let us in thy name agree ;

Show thyself the Prince of Peace :  
Bid our jars for ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling block remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To thy church the pattern give ;  
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To thy family above ;  
On the wings of angels fly ;  
Show how true believers die.

#### HYMN 50. P. M.

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine;  
Give we all with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord :  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the ancient days ;  
Ante date the joys above ;  
Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Strive we, in affection strive !  
 Let the purer flame revive ;  
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
 Dying champions for their God :  
 We, like them, may live and love,  
 Call'd we are their joys to prove :  
 Sav'd with them from future wrath :  
 Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
 Now as yesterday the same,  
 One in every time and place,  
 Full for all of truth and grace :  
 We for Christ our Master stand,  
 Lights in a benighted land :  
 We our dying Lord confess ;  
 We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died ;  
 We with him are crucified :  
 Christ hath burst the bands of death :  
 We his quick'ning Spirit breathe :  
 Christ is now gone up on high :  
 Whither all our wishes fly,  
 Sits at God's right hand above ;  
 There with him we reign in love.

**HYMN 51. s. m.**

- 1 The saints of ancient days,  
 We shall with them sit down,  
 Who fought the fight, and ran the race,  
 And then receiv'd the crown.

- 2 They that endur'd the cross,  
     And did his cup receive,                  [head,  
     Broke thro the world with Christ their  
     And more than conquer'd death.
- 3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,  
     Our friends that's gone before ;  
     We soon in paradise shall find,  
     And meet to part no more.
- 4 In yonder blissful seat,  
     Waiting for us they are,  
     And you shall there a husband meet,  
     And I parent there.
- 5 In that eternal day,  
     No clouds or tempests rise ;  
     Those gushing tears are wip'd away  
     For ever from our eyes.
- 6 O let us ever dwell,  
     On the transporting thought ;  
     We shall the joys of Jesus feel,  
     Up to his bosom caught.
- 7 He suffered in our stead,  
     That we with him might reign ;  
     But he shall never bow his head,  
     Shall never die again.

### HYMN 52. P. M.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,  
     Not to live without the cross ;

But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see,  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds,  
Of affliction pain and toil,  
These spring up and choak the weeds,  
Which would else o'er spread the soil ;  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.

#### HYMN 53. C. M.

- 1 The souls that would to Jesus press,  
Must fix this firm and sure,  
That tribulation more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt,  
'Tis God's own wise decree,  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,  
And unbelief within ;  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares  
To catch the wandering heart,

And seldom do we see the snares,  
Before we feel the smart.

- 5 But let not all this terrify,  
Pursue the narrow path ;  
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
And fight with hell by faith.
- 6 Tho we are feeble, Christ is strong,  
His promises are true ;  
We shall be conquerors all ere long,  
And more than conquerors too.

**HYMN 54. C. M.**

- 1 How hard and rugged is the way,  
To some poor pilgrims' feet,  
In all they do or think or say,  
They opposition meet.
- 2 Others again more safely go,  
Secur'd from hurt and harm ;  
Their Saviour leads them gently thro',  
Or bears them on his arm.
- 3 Faith and repentance all must find,  
And yet we daily see,  
They differ in their time and kind,  
Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent and late believe,  
But when their sin's forgiven ;  
A clearer passport they receive,  
And walk with him to heaven.

5 But be our conflicts short or long,  
 This commonly is true,  
 That wheresoever faith is strong,  
 Repentance was so too.

**HYMN 55. s. m.**

- 1 I am, saith Christ, the Way :  
 And if we credit him,  
 All other paths must lead astray,  
 How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, the Truth :  
 Then all that lack this test,  
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,  
 Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith Christ, the Life :  
 Let this be seen by faith,  
 It follows without further strife,  
 That all besides is death.
- 4 If what these words aver  
 The Holy Ghost apply,  
 The simplest Christian shall not err,  
 Nor be deceiv'd nor die.

**HYMN 56.**

- 1 Beside the Gospel pool,  
 Appointed for the poor ;  
 From year to year, my helpless soul  
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen,  
 The healing waters move :

And others round me stepping in  
Their efficacy prove.

- 3 But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same,  
As full of guilt and fear and pain,  
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear,  
My malady to heal,  
He knows how long I've waited here  
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer try ;  
Surely the mercy I have sought,  
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go,  
There is no other pool,  
Where streams of living virtue flow,  
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 The Lord is full of grace,  
And never will permit,  
That soul who fain would see his face,  
To perish at his feet.

#### HYMN 57. s. m.

- 1 Shall we go on to sin  
Because thy grace abounds ?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God !

Nor let it e'er be said,

That we, whose sins are crucify'd,

Should raise them from the dead.

We will be slaves no more,

Since Christ hath made us free,

Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,

And bought our liberty.

### HYMN 58. c. m.

1 I'm not ashame'd to own my Lord,

Or to defend his cause ;

Maintain the honor of his word,

The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus my God ! I know his name ;

His name is all my trust ;

Nor will he put my soul to shame,

Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,

And he can well secure

What I've committed to his hands,

Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my humble name

Before his Father's face ;

And in the New Jerusalem

Appoint my soul a place.

### HYMN 59. c. m.

1 Faith is the brightest evidence

Of things beyond our sight,

Breaks thro the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heav'nly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's Almighty word :  
Abra'm to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands ;  
And faith assures us, tho we die,  
That heav'nly building stands.

### HYMN 60. C M.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High-Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
     But raise it to a flame ;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
     Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address,  
     His mercy and his power ;  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
     In the distressing hour.

HYMN 61. s. m.

- 1 Like sheep we went astray,  
     And broke the fold of God,  
 Each wand'rung in a diff'rent way,  
     But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,  
     When God our wand'rings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
     Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
     When Christ sustain'd the stroke !  
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
     A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head  
     O'er all the sons of men ;  
 And make him see a numerous seed  
     To recompense his pain.
- 5 "I'l give him, saith the Lord,  
     A portion with the strong ;

**He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honors long."**

**HYMN 62. s. m.**

- 1 And wilt thou yet be found ?  
And may I still draw near ?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art,  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,—  
Lift up an helpless heart.
- 3 O my offended Lord,  
Restore my inward peace,  
I know thou canst;—pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease.
- 4 I long to see thy face,  
Thy spirit I implore,  
The living water of thy grace,  
That I may thirst no more.
- 5 Ah ! what avails my strife,  
My wand'ring to and fro ?  
Thou hast the words of endless life,  
Ah ! whither should I go ;
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free ;  
I fain would now obey thy call,  
And give up all for thee,

## HYMN 63. s. m.

- 1 O may thy powerful word,  
     Inspire a feeble worm,  
     To rush into thy kingdom, Lord.  
         And take it as by storm!
- 2 O may we all improve  
     The grace already given :  
     To seize the crown of perfect love,  
         And scale the mount of heaven !

## HYMN 64. c. m.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
     And ever prays for me :  
     A token of his love he gives,  
         A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Thy love I soon expect to find,  
     In all its depth and height,  
     To comprehend th' eternal mind,  
         And grasp the Infinite.
- 3 When God is mine, and I am his,  
     Of Paradise possess'd,  
     I taste unutterable bliss,  
         And everlasting rest.

## HYMN 65. l. m.

- 1 Jesus my all to heav'n is gone,  
     He whom I fix'd my hopes upon :  
     His track I see, and I'll pursue  
         The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment :  
    The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way, I long have sought  
    And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
    Because I was not say'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
    I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
    “ Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY.”
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
    Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
    Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
    What a dear Saviour I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
    And say, “ Behold the way to God !”

## HYMN 66. c. m.

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,  
    My everlasting All :  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
    Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
    And this inferior clod !

There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.

- 3 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Among the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer shows his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 4 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,  
And health, and safe abode ;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things ;  
But they are not my God.
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore :  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

HYMN 67. s. m.

- 1 Hark how the watchmen cry ;  
Attend the trumpet's sound ;  
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh !  
The powers of hell surround ;  
Who bow to Christ's command ;  
Your arms and hearts prepare :  
The day of battle is at hand !  
Go forth to glorious war !

- 2 See on the mountain top  
     The standard of our God !  
 In Jesu's name I lift it up.  
     All stain'd with hallow'd blood.  
 His standard-bearer, I  
     To all the nations call ;  
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh ;  
     He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head,  
     Your Captain's footsteps see ;  
 Follow your Captain, and be led  
     To certain victory !  
 All power to him is given ;  
     He ever reigns the same :  
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven,  
     Are all in Jesu's name.

### HYMN 68. c. m.

- 1 When I can read my title clear  
     To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
     And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage ;  
     And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage  
     And face a frowning world.  
     Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 2     Let storms of sorrow fall :

So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all :

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

### HYMN 69. C. M.

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree :  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for me ; [shakes,
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend,
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,  
"Receive my soul !" he cries ;  
See where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head, and dies ! [chain,
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious  
And in full glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

### HYMN 70. C. M.

- 1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief :  
He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled ;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O ! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

### HYMN 71.

- 1 How happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above !  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine

I first found in the blood of the Lamb !  
 When my heart it believ'd,  
 What a joy I receiv'd,  
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below  
 My Redeemer to know,  
 The angels could do nothing more,  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
 Was my joy and my song :  
 O that all his salvation might see !  
 He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
 He hath suffer'd and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,  
 I was carried above  
 All sin, and temptation, and pain ;  
 I could not believe  
 That I ever should grieve,  
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
 Freely justified I,  
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat :  
 My soul mounted higher  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O ! the rapturous height  
 Of that holy delight,  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
 Of my Saviour possest,  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

**HYMN 72. Part 2d.**

- 1 Ah ! where am I now !  
 When was it, or how,  
 That I fell from my heaven of grace  
 I am brought into thrall ;  
 I am stript of my all ;  
 I am banish'd from Jesus's face !
- 2 Hardly yet do I know  
 How I let my Lord go,  
 So insensibly starting aside ;  
 When the tempter came in  
 With his old subtle sin,  
 And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon,  
 That my Saviour was gone ;  
 Swiftly vanishing out of my sight,  
 My triumph and boast  
 On a sudden were lost,  
 And my day it was turned into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy  
 That innocent joy,  
 And make my Redeemer depart ;

But whate'er was the cause,  
I lament the sad loss,  
For the veil is come over my heart.

- 5 Ah ! wretch that I am !  
I can only exclaim,  
Like a devil tormented within ;  
My Saviour is gone,  
And has left me alone,  
To the fury of Satan and sin !
- 6 Tell me Lord shall I rise  
To my first paradise,  
Or come my Redeemer to see :  
But I feel a faint hope,  
That at last he will stoop,  
And his pity will bring him to me.

### HYMN 73.

- 1 Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain !  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train !  
Hallelujah !  
God appears with man to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty !  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,  
     Still his dazzling body bears ;  
 Cause of endless exultation  
     To his ransom'd worshippers !  
         With what rapture  
     Gaze we on those glorious scars !
- 4 Yea. Amen ! let all adore thee,  
     High on thine eternal throne !  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
     Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
         Jah ! Jehovah !  
     Everlasting God, come down !

## HYMN 74. s. m.

- 1 And must this body die,  
     This well-wrought frame decay ?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
     Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
     Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
     To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
     And ever from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
     Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace  
     Shall these vile bodies shine ;

And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.

- 5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love :  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy grace above !
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 75. C. M.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly host,  
And thou O Earth adore,  
Let death and hell thro' all their coast,  
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,  
He makes the clouds his throne ;  
There all his stores of lightning lie,  
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,  
And from his awful tongue,  
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think O my soul the dreadfyl day,  
When this incensed God,  
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,  
And fling his wrath abroad.

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do,  
     He once defied the Lord ;  
     But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,  
         And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,  
     To blast the rebel worm,  
     And beat upon his naked soul,  
         In one eternal storm.

### HYMN 76. c. m.

1 Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
     My ears, attend the cry,  
     “ Ye living men, come view the ground  
         “ Where you must shortly lie.

2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
     “ In spite of all your towers :  
     “ The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
         “ Must lay as low as ours.”

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
     And are we still secure ?  
     Still walking downwards to our tomb,  
         And yet prepared no more ?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,  
     To fit our souls to fly :  
     Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
         We'll rise above the sky.

### HYMN 77. c. m.

1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !  
     ‘Tis pleasure to our ears !

A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly,  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky,  
Conspire to raise the sound.

**HYMN 78. C. M.**

1 Let every mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites,  
The rich provision taste.

4 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine,

- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace,  
     Stand open night and day :  
 Lord we are come to seek supplies,  
     And drive our wants away.

**HYMN 79. L. M.**

- 1 Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain,  
     The world hath made thy offers vain ;  
 Too busy or too happy they,  
     They will not, Lord, thy call obey.
- 2 "Go, then" my injur'd Master said,  
     "Since these on all my mercies tread,  
     "Invite the rich and great no more,  
     " But preach my Gospel to the poor.
- 3 "Confer not thou with flesh and blood,  
     " Go quickly forth, invite the crowd :  
     "Search every lane, and every street,  
     " And bring in all the souls you meet."
- 4 Sinners, my gracious Lord receives,  
     Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,  
     Drunkards, and all ye wicked crew,  
     I have a message now to you.
- 5 Ye who believe his record true,  
     Shall sup with him, and he with you ;  
     Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,  
     For Jesus waits to take you in.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

- 1 Jesus I throw my arms around,  
     And hang upon thy breast ;  
     Without a gracious smile from thee,  
         My spirit cannot rest.
- 2 O tell me that my worthless name  
     Is graven on thy hands !  
     Show me some promise in thy book,  
         Where my salvation stands !
- 3 Give me some kind assuring word,  
     To sink my fears again ;  
     And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
         Her three score years and ten.

## HYMN 81. C. M.

- 1 O for that tenderness of heart,  
     Which bows before the Lord ;  
     Acknowledging how just thou art,  
         And trembles at thy word.
- 2 O for those humble contrite tears,  
     Which from repentance flow ;  
     That consciousness of guilt which fears,  
         The long suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour to me in pity give,  
     The sensible distress ;  
     The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
         And bid me die in peace.

- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
 Before the evil come ;  
 My spirit hide with saints above,  
 My body in the tomb.

**HYMN 82. C. M.**

- 1 Jesus the life, the truth, the way,  
 In whom I now believe,  
 As taught by thee in faith I pray,  
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,  
 As by the powers above,  
 Who always see thee on thy throne,  
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence thy grace,  
 That I may do thy will,  
 As angels who behold thy face,  
 And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,  
 Shall serve thee without fear ;  
 If thou my nature sanctify  
 In answer to my prayer.

**HYMN 83. S. M.**

- 1 Saviour of sinful men,  
 Thy goodness we proclaim,

- Which brings us here to meet again,  
And triumph in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name hath been  
Our safeguard and our tower,  
Hath sav'd us from the world and sin,  
And the accuser's power.
- 3 Jesus, take all the praise,  
That still on earth we live :  
Unspotted in so foul a place,  
And innocently grieve.
- 4 We shall from sinners flee,  
When perfected in love ;  
And haste to better company,  
Who wait for us above.

### HYMN 84. s. m.

- 1 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd;  
Our friends who went before  
We soon in paradise shall find  
And meet to part no more.
- 2 There all our griefs are spent,  
There all our sorrows end ;  
We cannot there the fall lament  
Of a departed friend.
- 3 In that eternal day,  
No clouds or tempests rise,  
There gushing tears are wip'd away,  
Forever from our eyes.

## HYMN 85.

- 1 See, Lord, with pity see,  
The object of thy love,  
And help his soul's infirmity,  
And all his griefs remove.
- 2 Support the tottering clay  
That weighs the spirit down,  
And lead him through this thorny way  
To that eternal crown.
- 3 Yet now in life detain  
His soul for Zion's sake ;  
In mercy raise him up again,  
And to his friends give back.
- 4 In answer to our cry,  
Thy feeble servant raise,  
And send him forth to testify  
The gospel of thy grace.

## HYMN 85. C. M.

- 1 Wake up my muse, condole the loss,  
Of those that mourn this day ;  
Let tears distil on ev'ry face,  
And every mourner pray.
- 2 The tyrant death came rushing in,  
Last night his power did show :  
Out of this world this child did take,  
Death laid its vissage low.
- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen,  
To please its parents' eye,

The tender child, so fresh and green  
Is in eternity.

- 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,  
The pitcher burst in twain ;  
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,  
The pleasant child is slain.
- 5 The winding sheet doth bind its limbs,  
The coffin holds it fast ;  
To day it's seen by all its friends,  
But this must be the last.

### HYMN 87 P. M.

#### NEW YEAR.

- 1 The Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise !  
Who reigns enthroned on high,  
Ancient of endless days !  
Who lengthens out our trials here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground,  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found ;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another and another year.
- 3 When justice drew the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of the Lord  
Cried, "Let it still alone!"  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

- 4 Jesus thy speaking blood,  
From God obtains the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestowed  
On us a longer space :  
Thou did in our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year.

**HYMN 88. C. M.**

*A Wedding Hymn.*

- 1 Since Jesus freely did appear  
To grace a marriage feast :  
O Lord we ask thy presence here,  
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands ;  
Their union with thy favor crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking each their share.
- 4 True helpers may they prove indeed  
In pray'r, and faith, and hope ;  
And see with joy a godly seed,  
To build their household up.

- 5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave  
     A pattern chaste and kind ;  
     So may this married couple live,  
     And die in friendship join'd.
- 6 On every soul assembled here,  
     O make thy face to shine,  
     Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer  
     Than richest food or wine.

**HYMN 89. P. M.**

- 1 I and my house will serve thee, Lord ;  
     But first obedient to thy word  
     I must myself appear :  
     By actions, words, and tempers show,  
     That I my heavenly Master know,  
     And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the good example set  
     To those that on my pleasure wait ;  
     The stumbling-block remove :  
     Their duty by my life explain,  
     And still in all my works maintain  
     The dignity of love.
- 3 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,  
     I strive my family to win,  
     That they may be forgiven :  
     The children, Lord, and servants bless,  
     And through the paths of righteousness  
     Conduct us all to heaven.

## HYMN 90. s. m.

- 1 Let sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death ;  
But in the worship of my God,  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,  
When morning brings the light ;  
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon  
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O ! my eternal God ;  
While sinners perish in surprise  
Beneath thy angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel ;  
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord ;  
Will cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain,  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands,  
No earthly pow'r can move.

## HYMN 91. c. m.

- 1 All praise to him that hath not put,  
Nor cast me out of mind ;

Nor yet his mercy from me shut,  
As I could ever find.

- 2 O, none is like unto the Lamb,  
Whose beauty shineth bright ;  
O glorify his holy name,  
His majesty and might.
- 3 My soul, praise thou the only God,  
A fountain pure and clear :  
Whose chrystal streams spread all abroad  
And cleanseth far and near.
- 4 My sweet and dear beloved one,  
Whose voice is more to me  
Than all the glory of the earth,  
Or treasures I can see.
- 5 He is the glory of my life,  
My joy and my delight,  
Within the bosom of his love,  
He clos'd me day and night.
- 6 He doth preserve me clean and pure,  
Within his pavillion,  
Where I with him shall be secure,  
And saved from all wrong.
- 7 My soul praise thou the Lord I say,  
Praise him with joy and peace,  
My spir't and mind both night and day  
Praise him and never cease.

## HYMN 92. c. m.

- 1 O magnify God's majesty,  
His fame and his renown,  
Whose dwelling is in Zion high,  
The glory of his crown.
- 2 O praises, praises to our God,  
Sing praises to our king ;  
O teach the people all abroad,  
His praises for to sing.
- 3 O Zion, song of glory bright,  
That doth shine out so clear,  
O manifest it in the sight  
Of nations far and near.
- 4 That God may have his glory due,  
His honor and his fame,  
And all his saints may sing anew,  
The praises of his name.

## HYMN 93. s. m.

- 1 Thy name almighty Lord,  
Shall sound thro distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure ;  
Till morning light and evening shade,  
Shall be exchanged no more.

## HYMN 94. C. M.

- 1 The Lord appears my helper now,  
Nor is my faith afraid,  
What all the sons of earth can do,  
Since heaven affords me aid.
- 2 'Tis safer Lord to hope in thee,  
And have my God my friend,  
Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.
- 3 'Tis thro the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him will I rejoice,  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice.
- 4 Like angry bees they girt me round,  
When God appears they fly :  
So burning thorns with crackling sound,  
Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs,  
The Lord protects their days ;  
Let Israel tune immortal songs,  
To his almighty grace.

## HYMN 95. C. M.

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone !  
In him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.

- 2 Saviour I thank thee for the grace,  
     The gift unspeakable ;  
     And wait with arms of faith to embrace,  
         And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,  
     The perfect bliss to prove :  
     My longing heart is all on fire,  
         To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from every boast,  
     From every sin set free ;  
     Let all I am in thee be lost,  
         But give thyself to me.

## HYMN 96.

- 1 Let him to whom we now belong  
     His sov'reign right assert ;  
     And take up every thankful song,  
         And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
     Who bought us with a price :  
     The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
         To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus thine own at last receive,  
     Fulfil our heart's desire ;  
     And let us to thy glory live,  
         And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;  
     With joy we render thee

Our all, no longer ours, but thine,  
To all eternity.

**HYMN 97. s. m.**

- 1 The Lord Jehovah calls,  
Be ev'ry ear inclined,  
May such a voice awake each heart,  
And captivate the mind.
- 2 If he in thunder speaks,  
Earth trembles at his nod,  
But milder accents here proclaim,  
The condescending God.
- 3 O harden not your hearts,  
But hear his voice to day,  
Lest ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
He calls your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God pronounce,  
The word of conquering grace,  
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,  
And scorner seek thy face.

**HYMN 98. s. m.**

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
How sweet their tidings are ;  
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
“ He reigns and triumphs here !”

- 3 How happy are our ears,  
   That hear the joyful sound ;  
   Which kings and prophets waited for,  
   And sought but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
   That see this heavenly light ;  
   Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
   But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
   And tuneful notes employ ;  
   Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
   And deserts learn the joy.

HYMN 99. s. m.

- 1 O bless the Lord my soul,  
   Let all within me join,  
   And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
   Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord my soul,  
   Nor let his mercies lie  
   Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
   And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
   'Tis he that heals thy pain,  
   'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
   And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
   When ransom'd from the grave ;

He that redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Hath sov'reign power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest ;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppress'd.

**HYMN 100. C. M.**

- 1 O for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster death  
And all his frightful pow'rs !
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have  
My quiv'ring lips should sing,  
Where is thy boasted victory grave ?  
And where the monster's sting ?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ my ransom dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conq'rors, while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

**HYMN 101. C. M.**

- 1 How vain are all things here below,  
How false and yet how fair !

Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food !  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

#### HYMN 102. s. m.

- 1 Ye fearful saints march on,  
It is the Lord's command ;  
Never let trifles stop your way  
To Canaan's promis'd land.
- 2 Though numerous foes arise,  
And hell your course withstand ;  
Still force your passage thro them all,  
To Canaan's promis'd land.
- 3 Cast not a wishful eye,  
Towards your native stand,  
Like Lot's frail wife, but onward press,  
To Canaan's promis'd land.

- 4 Mind not the alluring wiles,  
Prepared by Satan's band.  
To draw you from the narrow path,  
Which leads to Canaan's land.
- 5 The Scripture is your rule,  
By it you fall or stand,  
Walk in the way which it points out,  
To Canaan's promis'd land.
- 6 Then shall you join above,  
With all the ransom'd band,  
To celebrate redeeming love,  
In Canaan's promis'd land.

### HYMN 103.

- 1 Ye weary heavy laden'd souls,  
Who are oppress'd and sore ;  
Ye travellers through the wilderness,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
Thro chilling winds and beating rams,  
The water deep and cold,  
And enemies surrounding you,  
Take courage and be bold.
- 2 The storms and hurricanes arise  
The desert all around,  
And fiery serpents oft appear  
Thro the enchanted ground ; [fear,  
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy  
And dragons often roar,

But while the gospel trump we hear,  
We'll press for Canaan's shore.

- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,  
Who mourns her absent mate,  
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,  
Her sorrows to relate ;  
But Canaan's land is just before,  
Sweet spring is coming on ;  
A few more beating winds and rains,  
And winter will be gone.

- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,  
Black Jordan's billows roar,  
Which often makes the pilgrims fear  
They never will get o'er ;  
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,  
And view the vernal plain,  
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,  
And hell may rage in vain,

#### HYMN 104.

- 1 O what a glorious sight appears  
To my believing eyes,  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies ;  
Bright angels beckon me away,  
Come, O my brother, come,  
And I am willing to be gone  
To my eternal home.

- 2 By faith I see my gracious God,  
     On his eternal throne,  
     At his right hand the loving Lamb,  
         The Spirit three in one ;  
     O that my faith was strong to rise,  
         And bear my soul away,  
     I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,  
         In one eternal day.
- 3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,  
     Who are to Canaan bound,  
     And should we never meet again  
         Till jubal's trump shall sound,  
     I hope that I shall meet you there,  
         On that delightful shore,  
     In oceans of eternal love,  
         Where parting is no more.

### HYMN 105. s. m.

- 1 Come ye that love the Lord,  
     And let your joys be known,  
     Join in a song of sweet accord,  
         While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
     Who will not know the Lord,  
     But servants of the heavenly King,  
         May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
     That all the earth surveys,

- That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love,  
He will send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise,  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching thro Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

### HYMN 106. C. M.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone ;  
Walking in all his ways they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,  
   Their mighty joys we know ;  
   They sing the Lamb in hymns above  
   And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
   And bow before thy throne !  
   We in the kingdom of thy grace :  
   The kingdoms are but one.
- 3 The holy to the holiest leads ;  
   From thence our spirits rise ;  
   And he that in thy statutes treads  
   Shall meet thee in the skies.

## HYMN 107. C. M.

- 1 On Afric's land our fathers roam'd,  
   A free but savage race ;  
   No word of light their minds inform'd,  
   Of God's recovering grace.
- 2 Dark as the colour of their skin,  
   Their state by nature stood,  
   Thro damps and mists of cherish'd sin,  
   And passion's roaring flood.
- 3 Yet colour is no mark that shows,  
   The inward state of mind ;  
   Thro white and black corruption flows  
   Infecting all mankind.
- 4 Tho man be evil God is good,  
   And turns his wrath to praise,

He led us o'er the Atlantic flood,  
That we might learn his ways.

- 5 The children of that very race,  
Who gave our Father's pain,  
Are striving in the strength of grace  
To wipe away the stain.
- 6 Who knows but yet in Afric's wild,  
A Christian black may sow,  
The word of God, pure, undefil'd,  
And a rich harvest grow.

HYMN 108. s. m.

- 1 Lord of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry ;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in thy view,  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more  
Into thy church abroad,  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove ;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

**HYMN 109. L. M.**

- 1 On all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
The earth in righteousness renew :  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'er power,  
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,  
Let it opposers all o'ertur ;  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
Its richest energy declare ;  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true :  
The ancient seers thou didst inspire,  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire.

**HYMN 110. C. M.**

- 1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms,  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move ?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest  
And soften'd every bed ;

Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?

- 4 Thence he rose ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise :  
Awake, ye nations under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

### HYMN 111. s. m.

- 1 My thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead ;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed.
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay,  
'Till, like a flood with rapid force  
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 Not all their anguish and their blood  
For their old guilt atones,  
Nor the compassion of a God,  
Shall hearken to their groans.

## HYMN 112. C. M.

- 1 When Paul was parted from his friends,  
It was a weeping day ;  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 E're long they meet again with joy  
(Secure no more to part)  
Where praises every tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace  
Their children soon shall meet ;  
Together see their Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,  
Tho oft and plainly warn'd ;  
Will tremble when they meet again  
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall  
If any perish here ;  
The preachers who have told you all  
Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet Lord, to save themselves alone  
Is not their utmost view ;  
O ! hear their prayer, thy message own,  
And save their hearers too.

## HYMN 113. C. M.

- 1 Behold the great and awful day,  
Of parting soon will come,

When sinners must be hurl'd away,  
And Christians gathered home.

- 2 The one with Dives for water cry,  
And gnaw their tongues in pain,  
They gnash their teeth, and weep & sigh,  
And wring their hands in vain.
- 3 Perhaps the parent sees the child,  
Sink to endless flame ;  
With shrieks and howls and bitter cries,  
Never to rise again.
- 4 O father see my blazing hands !  
Mother behold your child,  
Against you now a witness stands,  
Amidst the flames confin'd !
- 5 The child, perhaps the parents view,  
Go headlong down to hell,  
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,  
And bid the child farewell.
- 6 The husband sees the loving wife,  
With whom he once did dwell,  
Depart with groans and bitter cries ;  
My husband fare you well.

#### HYMN 114.

- 1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here,  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :

Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near !

- 2 Here all nature's groans, proclaiming  
Nature's swift approaching doom :  
War, and pestilence and famine,  
Signify the wrath to come :  
Cleaves the centre,  
Nations rush into the tomb !
- 3 Close behind the tribulation  
Of the last tremendous days ;  
See the flaming revelation,  
See the universal blaze !  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face.
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darken'd into endless night,  
When with angel hosts surrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright,  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting Light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling,  
Hark ! on earth the doleful cry,  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;  
Hide us, hide us,  
Rocks and mountains, from his eye.

## HYMN 115. C. M.

- 1 Why should this earth delight us so ?  
Why should we fix our eyes - [grow,  
On these low grounds, where sorrows  
And every pleasure dies ?
- 2 While death his sharpest teeth prepares  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before the Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,  
When the last trump shall sound !  
To call the nations to the skies  
From underneath the ground ?

## HYMN 116.

- 1 Ye virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake,  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take :  
Upstarting at the midnight cry, :  
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are :

Make ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 3 Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend ;  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend :  
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,  
To see without a veil his face !
- 4 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above yon angel pow'rs,  
In glorious joy to live ;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.
- 5 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
When Jesus doth appear  
Watching let us be found ;  
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
Be found as Lord, thou find'st us now.

**HYMN 117. L. M.**

- 1 O Lord, how many are my foes  
In this weak state of flesh and blood,  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd an evening cry ;

Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.

- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure ;  
Death should not make my heart afraid,  
Though I should wake or rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;  
Salvation doth to God belong :  
He rais'd my head to see the light ;  
I'll make his praise my morning song.

### HYMN 118. c. m.

- 1 Wo to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread the Almighty's frown ;  
When God doth all his wrath reveal,  
And shower his vengeance down.
- 2 Sinners, expect those heavy show'rs,  
To meet your God prepare !  
For lo ! the seventh angel pours  
His vial on the air.
- 3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap :—  
The mountains are not found :  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drown'd !
- 4 Who then shall live, and see the throne,  
And face the Judge severe ?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
O where shall I appear ?

5 Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
 We view the fatal scene ;  
 For lo ! the everlasting Rock  
 Is cleft to take us in.

### HYMN 119. L. M.

- 1 He that hath made his refuge God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode ;  
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say my God thy power,  
 Shall be my fortress and my tower,  
 I that am form'd of feeble dust,  
 Make thine almighty arm my trust.
- 3 Thrice happy man, thy maker's care  
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;  
 From Satan's wiles, who still betrays,  
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood, [blood,  
 From birds of prey that seek their  
 The Lord his faithful saints will guard,  
 And endless life be their reward.

### HYMN 120. L. M.

- 1 What tho a thousand at thy side,  
 Around thy path ten thousand die ;  
 Thy God his faithful people saves,  
 Among the dead, amidst the graves.

- 2 So when he sent his angel down,  
     To make his wrath in Egypt known:  
     And slew their sons, his careful eye,  
         Past all the doors of Jacob by.
- 3 But if the fire or plague or sword,  
     Receive commission from the Lord,  
     To strike his saints among the rest.  
         Their very pains in death are blest.

**HYMN 121. s. m.**

- 1 Destruction's dismal road,  
     What multitudes pursue,  
     While that which leads the soul to God,  
         Is known and sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in,  
     By Christ the living gate,  
     But they that will not leave their sin,  
         Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be deny'd,  
     And sin forsaken quite,  
     They rather choose the road that's wide,  
         And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,  
     On numbers they depend,  
     So many surely can't be wrong,  
         And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark,  
     That men will right be found,

A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,  
While many millions drown'd.

- 6 Obey your Maker's call,  
And enter while you may,  
The flock of Christ was always small,  
And none are sav'd but they.

### HYMN 122. P. M.

- 1 A nation God delights to bless—  
Can all our raging foes distress,  
Or hurt whom they surround?  
Hid from the general scourge we are;  
Nor see the bloody waste of war,  
Nor hear the trumpet's sound,
- 2 O might we, Lord, the grace improve!  
By lab'ring for the rest of love,  
The soul-composing power!  
Bless us with that internal peace,  
And all the fruits of righteousness,  
Till time shall be no more.

### HYMN 123.

- 1 Young men and maidens, raise  
Your tuneful voices high;  
Old men and children praise,  
The Lord of earth and sky:  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

- 2 The universal King,  
     Let all the world proclaim !  
     Let every creature sing  
         His attributes and name !  
     Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
         Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In his great name alone,  
     All excellencies meet,  
     He sets upon the throne,  
         And shall forever set,  
     Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
         Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs ;  
     Glory to God be given,  
     Above the noblest songs  
         Of all in earth and heaven :  
     Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
         We'll praise to all eternity.

## HYMN 124.

- 1 Lord we come before thee now,  
     At thy feet we humbly bow,  
     O ! do not our suit disdain,  
         Shall we seek thee Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In thine own appointed way,  
     Now we seek thee, here we stay,  
     Lord, from hence we would not go,  
         'Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
 Thee a God, supremely kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

**HYMN 125. C. M.**

- 1 Jesus thy blessings are not few,  
 Nor is thy gospel weak ;  
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
 And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
 Doth thy salvation flow ;  
 'Tis not confin'd to sex nor age,  
 The lofty or the low.
- 3 Come all ye vilest sinners come,  
 He'll form your souls anew,  
 His gospel and his heart have room,  
 For rebels such as you.
- 4 His doctrine is almighty love,  
 There's virtue in his name,  
 To turn the raven to a dove,  
 The lion to a lamb.

**HYMN 126. L. M.**

- 1 From all who dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise,

Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 'Thro' every land by every tongue.  
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ; [shore,  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 2 Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing,  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name !  
 In every land begin the song :  
 To every land the strains belong ;  
 Let cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

### HYMN 127. s. m.

- 1 Sure there's a righteous God ;  
 Nor is religion vain ;  
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
 And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
 And felt my heart repine ;  
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,  
 In robes of honor shine.
- 3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,  
 Their flesh looks full and fair :  
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
 And grows without their care.

- 4 Free from the plagues and pains,  
   That pious souls endure ;  
 Through all their life oppression reigns,  
   And racks the humble poor.
- 5 But I with flowing tears,  
   Indulg'd my doubts to rise,  
 Is there a God that sees or hears,  
   The things below the skies.
- 5 Thy word with light and power,  
   Did my mistake amend ;  
 I view'd the sinner's life before,  
   But here I learnt their end.
- 6 On what a slippery steep  
   The thoughtless wretches go,  
 And Oh ! that dreadful fiery deep,  
   That waits their fall below.
- 8 Lord at thy feet I bow,  
   My thoughts no more repine,  
 I call my God my portion now,  
   And all my powers are thine.

## HYMN 128.

- 1 Men of God go take your stations,  
   Darkness reigns throughout the earth,  
 Go proclaim among the nations,  
   Joyful news of heavenly birth,  
     Bear the tidings,  
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth,

- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed ;  
     As the power of God to save,  
     Go where Christ was never named,  
     Publish freedom to the slave :  
         Blessed freedom,  
     Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 What though earth and hell united,  
     Should oppose the Saviour's plan,  
     Plead his cause, nor be affrighted,  
     Fear thou not the face of man,  
         Vain their tumult,  
     Hurt his work they never can.
- 4 When exposed to fearful dangers,  
     Jesus will his own defend ;  
     Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,  
     Jesus will appear your friend ;  
         And his presence  
     Shall be with you to the end.

## HYMN 129. s. m.

- 1 And let our bodies part,  
     To different climes repair ;  
     Inseparably join'd in heart  
     The friends of Jesus are !
- 2 Jesus, the corner stone,  
     Did first our hearts unite !  
     And still he keeps our spirits one,  
     Who walk with him in white.

- 3 O let us still proceed  
     In Jesu's work below ;  
     And following our triumphant Head,  
         To farther conquests go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord  
     Before his lab'lers lies ;  
     And lo ! we see the vast reward  
         Which waits us in the skies !
- 5 O let our heart and mind  
     Continually ascend ;  
     That haven of repose to find,  
         Where all our labours end !
- 6 When all our toils are o'er,  
     Our suff'rings and our pain ;  
     Who meet on that eternal shore ;  
         Shall never part again.

### HYMN 130. P. M.

- 1 Appointed by thee we meet in thy name,  
     And meekly agree to follow the Lamb ;  
     To trace thine example, the world to dis-  
         dain,  
     And constantly trample on pleasure and  
         pain.
- 2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love !  
     To make us anew, come Lord from above !  
     The fruits of thy passion, thy holiness give  
         Give us the salvation of all who believe !

3 O Jesus, appear, no longer delay  
 To sanctify here, and bear us away ;  
 The end of our meeting on earth let us see ;  
 Triumphant sitting in glory with thee !

## HYMN 131. C. M.

- 1 As Jacob did in days of old,  
 So will my soul do now,  
 Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,  
 Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob I am weak and faint,  
 And overwhelm'd with woe,  
 Lord hear and pity my complaint,  
 For I'll not let thee go.
- 3 I come encouraged by thy word,  
 That mercy thou wilt show ;  
 Except thou bless me dearest Lord,  
 I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to open all my wounds,  
 My sorrows and my woe,  
 Except the healing grace abounds,  
 I will not let thee go. \*
- 5 I come to tell thee all my fears,  
 And conflicts here below :  
 Except thy mercy Lord appears,  
 I will not let thee go.
- 6 I come to give thee this vile heart,  
 Which sin has mangled so ;

Except salvation thou impart,  
I will not let thee go.

- 7 Thus will I wrestle while I live,  
A pilgrim here below,  
And when in glory I arrive,  
I will not let thee go.

**HYMN 132. L. M.**

- 1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake,  
No longer in thy sins lie down:  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes,  
Arise and struggle into light,  
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,  
Zion assert thy liberty,  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,  
And lead the pompous triumph on;  
His glory shall bring up the rear,  
And perfect what his grace begun.

## HYMN 133. C. M.

- 1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I thy praise may show,  
Be all thy wonders show'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat ;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and soul, and self-abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my sin ;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine, can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, my ear :  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
And lift them up in pray'r.
- 6 Silent (alas ! thou know'st how long)  
My voice I cannot raise ;  
But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found :  
Give, and my strength employ ;

Light as a hart I then shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.

- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,  
And dark I am within ;  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find thee near !  
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,  
Thou son of David, hear !
- 10 Long have I waited in the way,  
For thee, the heav'nly light :  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
“ Sinner, receive thy sight.”

#### HYMN 134. L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Tho' I have done thee such despite,  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears,  
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,  
For many days, and months, and years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd

- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
     In honor of my great High-Priest :  
     Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
         T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
     From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,  
     Into thy rest of love receive,  
         And bless me with the calm repose.
- 6 From now my weary soul release.  
     Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,  
     And guide into thy perfect peace,  
         And bring me to the promis'd land.

## HYMN 135. C. M.

- 1 O that I could my Lord receive,  
     Who did the world redeem ;  
     Who gave his life, that I might live  
         A life conceal'd in him !
- 2 O that I could the blessing proye,  
     My heart's extreme desire ;  
     Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
         And in his arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
     That kept by mercy's power,  
     I may from ev'ry evil cease,  
         And never grieve thee more !
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
     Ev'n now my sins remove,

And set my soul at liberty,  
By thy victorious love.

- 5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,  
Thou pard'ning God descend ;  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven :  
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,  
And live and die forgiv'n.

HYMN 136. C. M.

- 1 My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, my sluggish soul !  
Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain,  
See how they toil and strive ;  
Yet we, who have a heav'n to obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel-bands  
Come flying from above :
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood.

- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise,  
With hands of faith and wings of love,  
To fly and take the prize.

**HYMN 137. c. m.**

- 1 God is in this and ev'ry place ;  
But O ! how dark and void,  
To me, 'tis one great wilderness,  
This earth, without my God.
- 2 Empty of him who all things fills,  
Till he his light impart :  
Till he his glorious self reveals,  
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who see'st and know'st my grief,  
Thyself unseen, unknown,  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long sought blessing give ;  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face, and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet  
Thy promis'd help implore ;

O that I now my Lord might meet,  
And never lose him more !

6 Now Jesus, now the Father's love  
Shed in my heart abroad :  
The middle wall of sin remove,  
And let me into God.

**HYMN 138. L. M.**

- 1 Thou man of griefs, remember me,  
Who never canst thyself forget,  
Thy last mysterious agony,  
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat !
- 2 When wrestling in the strength of pray'r  
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load ;  
Thy feeble flesh abhor'd to bear  
The wrath of an Almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,  
Regard my fearful heart's desire ;  
Remove this load of guilty woe,  
Nor let me in my sins expire !
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,  
Which bruises now my wretched soul,  
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,  
Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring !  
The heighten'd fear of death I find ;  
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,  
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,

That endless banishment from thee :

O save, and give me to thy Son,

Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

HYMN 139. 8s. & 6s.

1 Come Lord, and help me to rejoice,  
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,

Shall one day see my God :

Shall cease from all my sin and strife,  
Handle and taste the word of life,

And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,  
Nor worship thee a God unknown,

But I shall live to prove

Thy people's rest and saints' delight,  
The length, and breadth, and depth, and  
Of thy redeeming love. [height

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top

See all the land below :

Rivers of milk and honey rise,

And all the fruits of paradise

In endless plenty grow :

4 A land of corn, and wine and oil,  
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,

With ev'ry blessing blest ;

There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,

And everlasting rest.

- 5 O that I might at once go up,  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess ;  
 This moment end my legal years,  
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
 An howling wilderness !
- 6 Now O my Joshua, bring me in,  
 Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove ;  
 The purchase of thy death divide,  
 And O with all the sanctify'd  
 Give me a lot of love !

## HYMN 140. C. M.

- 1 God of all grace and majesty,  
 Supremely great and good,  
 If I have mercy found with thee,  
 Through the atoning blood ;  
 The guard of all thy mercies give,  
 And to my pardon join  
 A fear, lest I should ever grieve  
 Thy gracious Spir't divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,  
 May I obedient prove,  
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
 Or sin against thy love :  
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow  
 On a poor sojourner ;  
 And let me pass my days below,  
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
 My strict observer see ;  
 And thou, by rev'rent love, unite  
 My child-like heart to thee :  
 Still let me, till my days are past,  
 At Jesu's feet abide :  
 So shall he lift me up at last,  
 And seat me by his side.

## HYMN 141. C. M.

- 1 I want a principle within,  
 Of jealous godly fear,  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give :
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make,  
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove,  
 And let me weep my life away,  
 For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O ! may the least omission pain  
 My well instructed soul ;  
 And drive me to the blood again,  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

- I cannot rest, till pure within;  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God !  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would ; but thou must give the pow'r ;  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay ;  
 Appear in my poor heart, appear ;  
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

## HYMN 151. s. m.

- 1 Jesus, my truth, my way,  
 My sure unerring light,  
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,  
 My counsellor thou art ;  
 O let me never leave thy side,  
 Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,  
 Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,  
 That I may now enlighten'd be,  
 And never put to shame.

- 4 Never will I remove  
     Out of thy hands my cause,  
     But rest in thy redeeming love,  
     And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art,  
     In all things to depend  
     On thee : O never, Lord, depart,  
     But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive,  
     With thee in strength divine,  
     And ev'ry moment Lord revive  
     This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul  
     Throughout the fi'ry hour,  
     Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,  
     And shew forth all thy pow'r.
- 8 Through fire and water bring  
     Into the wealthy place,  
     And teach me the song to sing,  
     When perfected in grace.
- 9 O make me all like thee,  
     Before I hence remove !  
     Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,  
     And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,  
     When sin is all destroy'd ;  
     And then my spotless soul receive,  
     And take me home to God.

## HYMN 152. L. M.

- 1 Jesus thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring,  
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let ev'ry act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :  
Like the blest hour, when from above,  
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay !  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !  
  
Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise improve our joys,  
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

## HYMN 153.

- 1 Come Lord from above, the mountains remove, [love :  
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy My bosom inspire, enkindle the fire, [desire.  
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of
- 2 I languish & pine, for the comfort divine,  
O when shall I say " my Beloved is mine ?  
"I have chose the good part, my portion thou art, [heart !"  
" O Love, I have found thee, O God, in my

3 For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice ; [price ?]

How, Lord can I purchase the pearl of great It cannot be bought ; thou know'st I have nought ; [thought :]

Not an action, a word, or a truly good

4 But I hear a voice say, without money you may

Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay : Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,

The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free, so Lord let it be : I yield that thy love should be given to me : I freely receive what thou freely dost give, And consent to thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace, the giver I praise, And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace : It came from above, the foretaste I prove, And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

### HYMN 154. s. m.

1 And can I yet delay

My little all to give ?

To tear my soul from earth away,

And if I would from thee depart.  
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r :  
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more :  
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.

### HYMN 163. C. M.

- 1 Jesus the all-sustaining Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness Lord,  
O when shall I wake up ?
- 2 Thou O my God, thou only art  
The life, the truth, the way ;  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
In heav'n above to give,  
Give me thine only self to know,  
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all thy life of love,  
In mystic union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between  
 My longing soul and thee,  
 Never to be broke off again  
 Through all eternity.

## HYMN 164. L. M.

- 1 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,  
 Ready the outcasts to receive ;  
 Though all my simpleness I own,  
 And all my faults to thee are known.
- 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?  
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,  
 A helpless soul that comes to thee,  
 With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord I am sick, my sickness cure :  
 I want, do thou enrich the poor :  
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop :  
 O lift the abject sinner up !
- 4 Lord I am blind, be thou my sight :  
 Lord I am weak, be thou my might :  
 A helper of the helpless be,  
 And let me find my all in thee !

## HYMN 165.

- 1 Jesus my rest, how unspeakably blest,  
 Is the sinner that comes to be hid in thy  
 breast !
- 2 I come at thy call, at thy feet do I fall,  
 And believe and confess thee my God and  
 my All.

- 3 Thou'rt Mary's good part, the thing  
needful thou art, [heart.  
The desire of my eyes and the joy of my  
4 My comfort and stay, my life & my way.  
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.  
5 Health, pardon and peace, in thee I pos-  
sess ;  
I can have nothing more, I will have noth-  
ing less.  
6 I stand in thy might; I walk in thy light;  
And all heaven I claim in thy God-giving  
right.

## HYMN 166. C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'r's ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.  
2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys !  
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.  
4 Father, shall we then ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?

Our love so cold so faint, to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**HYMN 167. c. m.**

- 1 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise ;  
While angels live to know thy name,  
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold stony heart of mine,  
Jesus to thee I flee !  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,  
While thy dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 4 O may the uncorrupted seed  
Abide and reign within ;  
And thy life-giving word forbid  
My new born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne ;  
Call me a child of thine !  
Send down the spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,  
     And make my comfort strong ;  
 Then shall I say, " My Father God !"  
     With an unwav'ring tongue.

## HYMN 168. C. M.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,  
     No other help I know :  
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
     Ah, whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only son endure,  
     Before I drew my breath !  
 What pain, what labor to secure  
     My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
     I now should feel thy pow'r :  
 Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,  
     Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
     My weary, longing eyes ;  
 O let me now receive that gift ;  
     My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;  
     O speak and I shall live ;  
 And here I will unweary'd lie,  
     Till thou thy spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice  
     Could they but see thy face :

O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace !

### HYMN 169.

- 1 Come, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I own, but cannot see,  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee ;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold :  
Art thou the man who dy'd for me ?  
The secret of thy love unfold :  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long,  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong :  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.
- 4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r !  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be love.
- 5 'Tis love, 'tis love ! Thou dy'dst for me,  
I hear thy whisper in my heart,

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
 Pure, universal, love thou art ;  
 To me, to all thy bowels move,  
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;  
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
 But stay, and love me to the end ;  
 Thy mercies never shall remove,  
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

### HYMN 170. 6's and 8's

- 1 Oft have we passed the guilty night  
 In revellings and frantic mirth ;  
 The creature was our sole delight,  
 Our happiness the things of earth ;  
 But O! suffice the season past,  
 We choose the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,  
 We will not let our eyelids sleep,  
 But humbly lift them to the skies,  
 And all a solemn vigil keep ;  
 So many nights on sin bestow'd,  
 Can we not watch one hour for God !
- 3 We can, O ! Jesus, for thy sake,  
 Devote our ev'ry hour to thee ;  
 Speak but the word our souls shall wake,  
 And sing with cheerful melody :  
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,  
 And ev'ry heart shall dance for joy.

4 Dear object of our faith and love,  
     We listen for thy welcome voice,  
 Our persons and our works approve,  
     And bid us in thy strength rejoice ;  
 Now let us hear the mighty cry,  
     And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

## HYMN 171. c. M.

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below,  
     Let thy salvation roll ;  
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow  
     Ev'ry believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,  
     Us weary sinners take ;  
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,  
     For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,  
     And we shall flow to thee,  
 While down the stream of time we glide,  
     To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,  
     Of joy the swelling flood :  
 Wafted by thee, with willing heart,  
     We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,  
     Into thy fulness fall ;  
 Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,  
     Our God, our All in All.

## HYMN 172. C. M.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known to thee ;  
     In vain my soul would try  
     To shun thy presence, or to flee  
     The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
     My rising and my rest,  
     My public walks, my private ways,  
     The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
     Before they're form'd within,  
     And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
     Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep, and high !  
     Where can a creature hide ?  
     Within thy circling arms I lie,  
     Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
     And like a bulwark prove,  
     To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
     Secur'd by Sov'reign love.

## HYMN 173. S. M.

- 1 Father, I dare believe  
     Thee merciful and true :  
     Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,  
     My fallen soul renew.

- 2 Come then for Jesu's sake,  
     And bid my heart be clean :  
     An end of all my troubles make ;  
     An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,  
     But by believing thee :  
     And waiting for thy blood t' impart,  
     The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,  
     Jesus, the grace bestow ;  
     Now, thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
     And I am white as snow.

## HYMN 174. C. M.

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,  
     The sin-subduing pow'r ;  
     Pow'r to believe and go in peace,  
     And never grieve thee more.
- 2 My veh'ment soul cries out, oppress'd,  
     Impatient to be freed !  
     Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
     Till I am sav'd indeed.
- 3 Art thou not able to convert,  
     Art thou not willing too ?  
     To change this old, rebellious heart,  
     To conquer and renew.

## HYMN 175. 7's:

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
   Oft it causes anxious thought;  
   Do I love the Lord or no ;  
   Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
   Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
   Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
   Who have never heard his name;
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
   Pray'r a task and burden prove ;  
   Ev'ry trifle give me pain,  
   If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,  
   O how dark, and vain, and wild !  
   Prone to unbelief and sin,  
   Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
   Faith is weak in all I do ;  
   You that love the Lord indeed,  
   Tell me is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
   Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
   Should I grieve for what I feel,  
   If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
   Choose the ways I once abhor'd;

Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love thee, Lord ?

3 Lord, decide the doubtful case !

'Thou, who art thy people's sun ;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,

If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

### HYMN 176.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Surety stands :  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary :  
They pour effectual pray'rs,  
They strongly speak for me :

Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear ;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear :  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

### HYMN 177.

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is King ;  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore ;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
2. Jesus, the Saviour reigns  
The God of truth and love,  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;

The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit ;  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy ;  
And ev'ry bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy ;  
Lift up your hearts, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge, shall come :  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home ;  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound rejoice!

### HYMN 178.

- 1 O tell me no more of this world's vain  
store, [o'er ;  
The time for such trifles with me now is  
A country I've found, where true joys  
abound, [ground.  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy  
2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive :

My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad  
day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go af-  
ter him, go :

Lo ! onward I move to a city above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey  
will prove. [and sin,

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
within :

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave be behind,  
So this is the race I'm running through  
grace ; [face.

Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's

6 And now I'm in care my neighbours may  
share [you dare !

These blessings ; to seek them will none of  
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so  
nigh ?

### HYMN 179. C. M.

1 My God the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,

O

The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

### HYMN 180. L. M

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men !  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise:  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding  
 praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
 Vast as eternity thy love :  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to  
 move.

### HYMN 181.

1 O thou God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin,  
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,  
 Yearning bowels from within :  
 I will praise thee :

Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying,  
 Glory to the great I AM ;  
 I with them would still be vying,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious

Is the sound of Jesu's name !

3 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose ;  
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause ;  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all, to me it flows.

- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,  
 He Almighty grace hath shown ;  
 Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour !  
 This he makes to mortals known,  
     Give him glory,  
 Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song :  
     Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

## HYMN 182.

- 1 Head of the church triumphant,  
 We joyfully adore thee ;  
 Till thou appear, thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory :  
 We lift our hearts and voices,  
 With blest anticipation :  
 And cry aloud, and give to God  
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in afflictions furnace,  
 And passing through the fire,  
 Thy love we praise which knows no days,  
 And ever brings us nigher ;  
 We clap our hands exulting  
 In thine almighty favour ;

The love divine, which made us thine,  
Can keep us thine forever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people,  
Through torrents of temptation ;  
Nor will we fear while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By thee we shall break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith, we see the glory,  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise for that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us :  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

**HYMN 183. 8s. & 6s.**

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love !  
It lifts me up to things above !  
It bears on eagles' wings ;  
It gives my ravish'd soul to taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue ;  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen :  
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures  
 I neither have nor want. [mean,

3 Nothing on earth I call my own :  
 A stranger to the world unknown,  
 I all their goods despise :  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a city out of sight,  
 A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,  
 My treasure and my heart is there,  
 And my abiding home :  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come !

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heav'ly rest :  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end.  
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
 Receive me to thy breast !

#### HYMN 184. L. M.

1 How do thy mercies close me round !  
 For ever be thy name ador'd ;  
 I blush in all things to abound ;  
 The servant is above his Lord !

- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,  
   A suff'ring life my Master led,  
   The son of God, the son of man,  
     He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd  
   For me whom watchful angels keep ;  
   Yea he himself becomes my guard ;  
     He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears begone ;  
   What can the Rock of ages move ?  
   Safe in thine arms I lay me down,  
     Thine everlasting arms of love ;
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
   Who, who shall violate my rest ?  
   Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;  
     I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,  
   My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
   Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,  
     Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take  
   In time and in eternity ;  
   Thou never, never wilt forsake  
     A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

## HYMN 185.

- 8 Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright,  
   Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all  
     unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
 The promise assures us, The Lord will  
     provide. [are fed :

2 The birds without barn or store-house  
 From them let us learn to trust for our  
     bread ;

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be  
     deny'd, [provide.

So long as it's written, The Lord will

3 We all may like ships, by tempests be toss'd  
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :  
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the  
     tide,

Yet scripture engages, The Lord will  
     provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old :  
 We know not the way, but faith makes  
     us bold ; [guide,

For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure  
 And trust in all dangers The Lord will  
     provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by  
     faith :

He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has  
     try'd) [will provide.

The heart-cheering promise, The Lord

- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain, [obtain :  
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall  
 But when such suggestions our graces  
 have try'd,  
 This answers all questions, The Lord  
 will provide. [we claim.]
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness  
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;  
 In this our strong tower for safety we  
 hide; [provide.]  
 The Lord is our power, The Lord will
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in  
 view, [through :  
 The word of his grace shall comfort us  
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on  
 our side,  
 We hope to die shouting, The Lord will  
 provide.

## HYMN 186. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm,
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
     The clouds ye so much dread,  
     Are big with mercy, and shall break  
         In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
     But trust him for his grace :  
     Behind a frowning Providence  
         He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
     Unfolding ev'ry hour :  
     The bud may have a bitter taste,  
         But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
     And scan his work in vain :  
     God is his own interpreter,  
         And he will make it plain.

## HYMN 187.

- 1 Come let us anew our journey pursue,  
     With vigor arise,                                 [skies,  
     And press to our permanent place in the  
     Of heav'nly birth tho' wand'ring on  
         earth,  
             This is not our place,                         [confess.  
     But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
- 2 At Jesus's call we give up our all,  
     And still we forego,  
     For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below,

No longing we find for th' country be-  
But onward we move, [hind ;  
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy, without any alloy ;  
We thither repair, [there.

Our hearts and our treasure already are  
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's  
land

No matter what cheer [near !  
We meet with on earth, for eternity's

4 The rougher our way, the shorter our  
The tempests that rise [stay !  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the  
skies ;

The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;  
The troubles that come, [home.  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us

### HYMN 188. C. M.

1 Blest be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part ;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go :  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,

Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucify'd ?

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace ;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore ;  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.

### HYMN 189. C. M.

- 1 Oh for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill,

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest :  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne ;  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## HYMN 190. s. m.

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread  
We all shall soon appear ;  
Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,  
Thou shalt from heav'n come down :  
Th' immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.

- 3 To damp our earthly joys;  
 To increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let th' archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears,  
 The solemn midnight cry,  
 " Ye dead, the judge is come :  
 " Arise and meet him in the sky.  
 " And meet your instant doom !"
- 4 O may we thus be found  
 Obedient to thy word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord !  
 O may we thus ensure  
 A lot among the blest :  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest !

## HYMN 191. c. m.

- 1 Terrible thought ! shall I alone,  
 Who may be sav'd, shall I,  
 Of all, alas ! whom I have known,  
 Through sin for ever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
 With whom I once did live,  
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
 A blessing to receive ;
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band  
 Dragg'd to the judgment seat,

Far on the left, with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet !

- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,  
Must I in torments dwell ?  
And howl (while they sing hymns above,)  
And blow the flames of hell !
- 5 Ah ! no ; I still may turn and live,  
For still his wrath delays ;  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,  
From ev'ry sin depart ;  
Perform my oft repeated vow,  
And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,  
The grace through Jesus giv'n ;  
Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
To live with God in heav'n.

HYMN 192. C. M.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,  
And ev'ry word I say ?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart,  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert,  
For all that I have done,

- 3 How careful then I ought to live ;  
     With what religious fear ;  
     Who such a strict account must give  
         For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
     The watchful pow'r bestow !  
     So shall I to my ways take heed,  
         'To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou " standest at the door,"  
     O let me feel thee near !  
     And make my peace with God, before  
         I at thy bar appear.

## HYMN 193. C. M.

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die!  
     What tim'rous worms we mortals are,  
     Death is the gate to endless joy,  
         And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
     Fright our approaching souls away ;  
     And we shrink back again to life,  
         Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
     My soul would stretch her wings in  
         haste,  
     Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
         Nor feel the terrors as she past !
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
     Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

### HYMN 194.

- 1 Come let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year, [pear !  
And never stand still till the Master ap-  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
    And our talents improve [of love.  
By the patience of hope, and the labour
- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream  
    Glide swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;  
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:  
    The millennial year [here.  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may  
“ I have fought my way through, [say,  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give  
    me to do !  
O that each from his Lord may receive  
    the glad word,  
“ Well and faithfully done !  
“ Enter into my joy, and sit down on  
    my throne.”

### HYMN 195, S. M.

- 1 Father our hearts we lift  
Up to thy gracious throne,

And thank thee for the gracious gift  
 Of thine incarnate Son ;  
 The gift unspeakable  
 We thankfully receive,  
 And to the world thy goodness tell,  
 And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus the holy child

Doth by his birth declare,  
 That God and man are reconcil'd,  
 And one in him we are :  
 Salvation through his name  
 To all mankind is giv'n,  
 And loud his infant cries proclaim  
 A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,  
 Which never more shall end :

The Lord of hosts, the King of kings  
 Declares himself our Friend ;  
 Assumes our flesh and blood,  
 That we his grace may gain :  
 The everlasting Son of God,  
 The mortal Son of man,

4 His kingdom from above  
 He doth to us impart,

And pure benevolence and love  
 O'erflow the faithful heart :  
 Chang'd in a moment, we  
 The sweet attraction find,

With open arms of charity  
Embracing all mankind.

- 5 O might they all receive  
The new born Prince of Peace,  
And meekly in his Spirit live !  
And in his love increase !  
Till he convey us home,  
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,  
Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,  
And take us up to God !

### HYMN 196. C. M.

- 1 " Shepherds rejoice, lift up you eyes,  
" And send your fears away,  
" News from the regions of the skies—  
" Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
" Comes down to dwell with you ;  
" To-day he makes his entrance here,  
" But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,  
" Nor royal shining things ;  
" A manger for his cradle stands ;  
" And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, Shepherds, where the infant lies,  
" And see his humble throne :  
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,  
     The heav'ly armies throng ;  
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
     And thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,  
     " Let peace surround the earth ;  
     " Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
     " At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,  
     And men no tunes to raise ?  
 O may we lose these useless tongues  
     When we forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
     That pity'd us forlorn,  
 We join to sing our Maker's love,  
     For there's a Saviour born,

## HYMN 197. C. M.

- 1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
     All seated on the ground, [night,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
     And glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
     Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)  
     " Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
     " To you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you in David's town, this day,  
     " Is born of David's line,

“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
 “ And this shall be the sign :

- 4 “ The heav’ly babe you there shall find  
     “ To human view display’d,  
 “ All meanly wrapp’d in swathing bands,  
     “ And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
     Appear’d a shining throng  
 Of angels praising God, on high,  
     And thus address’d their song :
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,  
     “ And to the earth be peace ;  
 “ Good-will henceforth, from heav’n  
     “ Begin and never cease.” [to men,

### HYMN 198. L. M.

- 1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,  
     Comfort the people of your Lord ;  
 O lift ye up the fallen race,  
     And cheer them by the gospel-word.
- 2 Go into ev’ry nation, go,                          [cry,  
     Speak to their trembling hearts, and  
 Glad tidings unto all we show ;  
     Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,  
     A voice that loudly calls Prepare !

Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,  
And means to make his entrance there!

- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;  
Sinners repent the call obey :  
Open your hearts to make him room,  
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way thro' all :  
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;  
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,  
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd  
Shall all mankind together view,  
And what his mouth in truth hath said,  
His own almighty hand shall do.

**HYMN 199. s. M.**

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,  
O Day Star from on high !  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy orient beams,  
The night of sin disperse,  
The mists of error and of vice,  
Which shade the universe !
- 3 How beauteous nature now !  
How dark and sad before !  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
And nature's God adore.

- 4 O may no gloomy crime  
     Pollute the rising day !  
 May Jesu's blood like evening dew,  
     Wash all our stains away !
- 5 May we this life improve,  
     To mourn for errors past ;  
 And live this short revolving day,  
     As if it were our last.

## HYMN 200. S. M.

- 1 Sinners the call obey,  
     The latest call of grace ;  
 The day is come, the vengeful day  
     Of a devoted race.
- 2 Devils and men combine,  
     To plague the faithless seed,  
 And vials full of wrath divine  
     Are bursting on your head.
- 3 Enter into the Rock,  
     Ye trembling slaves of sin,  
 The Rock of your salvation struck,  
     And cleft to take you in :
- 4 To shelter the distrest  
     He did the cross endure ;  
 Enter into the clefts, and rest  
     In Jesu's wounds secure.
- 5 Jesus, to thee we fly  
     From the devouring sword :

Our city of defence is nigh ;  
 Our help is in the Lord.

- 6 Or if the scourge o'erflow,  
     And laugh at innocence ;  
 Thine everlasting arms we know  
     Shall be our soul's defence.
- 7 We in thy word believe,  
     And on thy promise stay ;  
 Our life, which still to thee we give,  
     Shall be to us a prey :
- 8 Our life with thee we hide  
     Above the furious blast,  
 And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,  
     Till all the storms are past.

**HYMN 201. C. M.**

- 1 How sad our state by nature is ?  
     Our sin how deep it stains !  
 And Satan binds our captive souls  
     Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
     Sounds from the sacred word :  
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,  
     And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
     And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord !  
     O help my unbelief.

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God I fly,  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,  
 Into thy arms I fall ;  
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
 My Jesus and my all.

## HYMN 202. L. M.

- 1 Jesus to you his fulness brings,  
 A feast of marrow and fat things ;  
 All, all in Christ are freely giv'n,  
 Pardon and holiness, and heav'n.
- 2 Do not begin to make excuse,  
 Ah ! do not you his grace refuse ;  
 Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,  
 And take what Jesus hath to give.
- 3 Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,  
 Your ev'ry earthly thought forget,  
 Seek not the comforts of this life,  
 Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.
- 4 "Have me excus'd," why will you say ?  
 Why will ye for damnation pray ?  
 Have you excus'd from joy and peace,  
 Have you excus'd from happiness !
- 5 Excus'd from coming to a feast !  
 Excus'd from being Jesu's guest !

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From knowing now your sins forgiv'g,  
From tasting here the joys of heav'n.

- 6 Excus'd, alas ! why would you be ?  
From health, and life, and liberty,  
From ent'ring into glorious rest,  
From leaning on your Saviour's breast.

HYMN 203. s. m.

- 1 My gracious, loving Lord,  
To thee what shall I say,  
Well may I tremble at thy word,  
And scarce presume to pray.
- 2 Ten thousand wants have I ;  
Alas ! I all things want !  
But thou hast bid me always cry,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,  
For ev'n to ask thy grace ;  
So oft have I; alas ! drawn near,  
And mock'd thee to thy face.
- 4 With all pollutions stain'd,  
Thy hallow'd courts I trod :  
Thy name and temple I profan'd,  
And dar'd to call thee God !
- 5 Nigh with my lips I drew ;  
My lips were all unclean :  
Thee with my heart I never knew :  
My heart was full of sin.

6 Far from the living Lord,  
 Far, far from God and Heav'n,  
 Thy purity I still abhor'd,  
 Nor look'd to be forgiv'n.

## HYMN 204. s. M.

- 1 O that I could repent !  
 With all my idols part ;  
 And to thy gracious eye present  
 An humble contrite heart !
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,  
 For having griev'd my God ;  
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest,  
 Till sprinkled with thy blood !
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
 The penitent desire ;  
 With true sincerity of woe  
 My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,  
 And melt my hardness down :  
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
 And break this heart of stone !

## HYMN 205. s. M.

- 1 O that I could revere  
 My much offended God :  
 O that I could but stand in fear  
 Of thy affliction rod.

- 2 If mercy cannot draw,  
     Thou, by thy threat'nings move ;  
     And keep an abject soul in awe,  
     That will not yield to love.
- 3 Shew me the naked sword,  
     Impending o'er my head :  
     O let me tremble at thy word !  
     And to my ways take heed.
- 4 With sacred horror fly  
     From ev'ry sinful snare ;  
     Nor ever in my Judge's eye,  
     My Judge's anger dare.
- 5 Thou great tremendous God !  
     The conscious awe impart,  
     The grace be now on me bestow'd,  
     The tender fleshly heart.
- 6 For Jesu's sake alone  
     The stony heart remove,  
     And melt at last, O ! melt me down,  
     Into the mould of love.

## HYMN 206. c. m.

- 1     Spirit of faith come down,  
     Reveal the things of God,  
     And make to us salvation known,  
     And witness with the blood.
- 2     'Tis thine the blood to apply,  
     And give us eyes to see ;

Who did for ev'ry sinner die,  
Hath surely died for me.

- 3 No man can truly say,  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless thou take the veil away,  
And breathe the living word.
- 4 O that we all might know  
The all-atoning Lamb !  
Spirit of faith, descend and show  
The virtue of his name ;
- 5 The grace which all may find,  
The gracious pow'r impart ;  
And testify to all mankind,  
And speak in ev'ry heart.
- 6 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountains move ;  
And saves, whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

#### HYMN 207. C. M.

- 1 Mistaken souls that dre'm of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ the living head.

- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
     'Tis faith that works by love ;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
     And lifts the thoughts above ;
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
     By a celestial pow'r ;  
 This is the grace that shall prevail  
     In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey the Father's will,  
     As well as trust his grace :  
 A pard'ning God is jealous still  
     For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
     He makes our natures clean ;  
 Nor would he send his Son to be  
     The Minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,  
     And seals our peace with God :  
 Jesus and his salvation came  
     By water and by blood.

## HYMN 208. s. M.

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,  
     Spirit of pow'r within :  
 And bring the glorious liberty  
     From sorrow, fear and sin.
- 2 This inward, dire disease,  
     Spirit of health remove,

Spirit of finish'd holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day,  
 Which shall my sins consume ;  
 When old things shall be done away,  
 And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to thy will and word,  
 Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state,  
 Indulge me but in this :  
 And soon or later then translate  
 To my eternal bliss.

**HYMN 209. s. m.**

1 Jesus we look to thee,  
 Thy promis'd presence claim :  
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
 Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,  
 Which here we come to prove ;  
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
 And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride,  
 Or selfishness we meet,  
 From nature's paths we turn aside,  
 And worldly thoughts forget.

- 4 We meet the grace to take,  
   Which thou hast freely giv'n ;  
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
   'That we may meet in heav'n.
- 5 Present we know thou art ;  
   But, O thyself reveal !  
 Now Lord, let ev'ry bounding heart  
   The mighty comfort feel !
- 6 O may thy quick'ning voice  
   The inbred sin remove !  
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
   In hope of perfect love.

## HYMN 210. S. M.

- 1 "I the good fight have fought,"  
   O when shall I declare  
 The vict'ry by my Saviour got,  
   I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,  
   When all my warfare's past ;  
 And dying, find my latest foe  
   Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine,  
   Just as the port is gain'd ;  
 "Kept by the pow'r of grace divine,  
   " I have the faith maintain'd."
- 4 The apostles of my Lord,  
   To whom it first was giv'n,

'They could not speak a greater word  
Nor all the saints in heav'n.

**HYMN 211. s. m.**

- 1 Jesus, the conqu'ror reigns,  
In glorious strength array'd :  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men rejoice  
In Jesu's mighty love :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly pow'r,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads through all the earth abroad,  
The vict'ry of his cross.

**HYMN 212. s. m.**

- 1 The pow'r to bless my house,  
Belongs to God alone ;  
Yet rend'ring him my constant vows,  
He sends his blessing down.
- 2 Shall I not then engage  
My house to serve the Lord,

To search the soul-converting page,  
And feed upon his word.

**3 To ask with faith and hope**  
The grace his spir't supplies,  
In pray'r and praise to offer up  
Their daily sacrifice?

**4 Let each his sin eschew**  
Through thy restraining grace,  
Our father Abr'ham's steps pursue,  
And walk in all thy ways.

**5 Saviour of men, incline**  
The hearts which thou hast made,  
Which thou hast bought with blood divine  
To ask thy promis'd aid.

**6 Me, and my house receive,**  
Thy family t' increase,  
And let us in thy favour live,  
And let us die in peace.

### HYMN 213. s. m.

- 1 Gracious Redeemer, shake**  
This slumber from my soul !  
Say to me now “awake, awake,  
And Christ shall make thee whole.”
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand,**  
Alarm me in this hour :  
And make me fully understand,  
The thunder of thy pow'r !

- 3 Give me on thee to call,  
     Always to watch and pray,  
     Lest I into temptation fall,  
     And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd,  
     And ready may I be,  
     For ever standing on my guard,  
     And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn  
     My soul of evil near !  
     When to the right or left I turn,  
     Thy voice still let me hear :
- 6 " Come back ! this is the way !  
     " Come back ! and walk therein !"  
     O may I hearken and obey,  
     And shun the path of sin !

## HYMN 214. S. M.

- 1 Thou seest my feebleness,  
     Jesus, be thou my pow'r,  
     My help and refuge in distress,  
     My fortress and my tow'r.
- 2 Give me to trust in thee ;  
     Be thou my sure abode :  
     My horn, and rock, and buckler be,  
     My Saviour and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,  
     Myself I cannot keep ;

But strength in thee I surely have,  
Whose eye-lids never sleep.

- 4 My soul to thee alone,  
Now therefore I commend :  
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,  
And love me to the end !

**HYMN 215. s. m.**

- 1 Give me a sober mind,  
A quick discerning eye,  
The first approach of sin to find,  
And all occasions fly.
- 2 Still may I cleave to thee,  
And never more depart,  
But watch with Godly jealousy,  
Over my evil heart.
- 3 Thus may I pass my days  
Of sojourning beneath,  
And languish to conclude my race;  
And render up my breath.
- 4 In humble love and fear,  
Thine image to regain,  
And see thee in the clouds appear,  
And rise with thee to reign !

**HYMN 216. s. m.**

- 1 In fellowship alone,  
To God with faith draw near ;

Approach his courts, besiege his throne,  
With all the pow'r of pray'r.

- 2 Go to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move ;  
Let ev'ry house his worship know,  
And ev'ry heart his love.
- 3 To God your spirits dart,  
Your souls in words declare ;  
Or groan to him who reads the heart,  
Th' unutterable pray'r.
- 4 His mercy now implore,  
And now shew forth his praise,  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.

**HYMN 217. s. m.**

- 1 Pour out your souls to God,  
And bow them with your knees :  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad  
And pray for Zion's peace.
- 2 Your guides and brethren bear  
Forever on your mind ;  
Extend the arms of mighty pray'r  
In grasping all mankind.
- 3 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray :  
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

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4 Still let the Spirit cry  
 In all his soldiers, " come,"  
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
 And takes the conqu'rors home.

## HYMN 218. C. M.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;  
 Repent, thy end is nigh,  
 Death at the farthest can't be far,  
 O ! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect ; thou hast a soul to save ;  
 Thy sins, how high they mount !  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
 How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;  
 His time there's none can tell ;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
 To heav'n, or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,  
 Shall crawling worms consume :  
 But ah ! destruction stops not there ;  
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls, to day :  
 Sinners, it speaks to you ;  
 Let ev'ry one forsake his way,  
 And mercy will ensue ;
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood ;  
 How vile soe'er he be ;

Abundant pardon, peace with God ;  
All giv'n entirely free.

**HYMN 219. L. M.**

- 1 The great archangel's trump shall sound  
(While twice ten thousand thunders  
roar ;)  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground  
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal ;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And sink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jeu's righteousness,  
Stand as the Rock of ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heav'n shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,  
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 See the celestial bodies roll,  
In spires of smoke beneath our feet !  
They shrivel as a parchment-scroll,  
The elements melt with fervent heat.
- 6 The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;

While we survey the awful theme,  
And mount above the fiery void.

## HYMN 220. L. M.

*Consecration of a Church.*

- 1 And wilt thou, O eternal God !  
On earth establish thine abode?  
Then look propitious from thy throne  
And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honor raise,  
Long may they echo in thy praise,  
And thou descending fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train,  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
Thousands were born for glory here.

## HYMN 221. S. M.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,  
That hastens to the sea,  
How strong the tide that bears our souls,  
On to eternity.
- 2 Our fathers where are they,  
With all they call'd their own ?

Their joys and griefs and hopes and cares  
And wealth and honor gone.

3 There where the fathers lay  
Must all the children dwell,  
No other heritage possess  
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers hear,  
Thou everlasting friend,  
While we on life's extremest verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead  
May we the foot-steps trace,  
Till with them in the land of light  
We dwell before thy face.

**HYMN 222. C. M.**

1 How still and peaceful is the grave,  
When lifes vain tumult's past,  
The appointed house by heaven's decree,  
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked here from troubling cease,  
Here passions rage no more,  
And here the weary Pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.

3 Here rest the pris'ners, now releas'd  
From slavery's sad abode ;  
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,  
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

- 4 Here servants, masters, small and great  
 Partake the same repose,  
 And here in peace the ashes mix  
 Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,  
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,  
 Till God in judgment calls them forth  
 To meet their righteous doom.

## HYMN 223. L. M.

- 1 Lord how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship thee !  
 At once they sing, at once they pray,  
 They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there and still would go,  
 'Tis like a little heaven below ;  
 Not all that earth or sin cay say,  
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory Lord,  
 The text and doctrine of thy word !  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ & things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine,  
 That hoping pardon through his blood,  
 I may lay down and wake with God.

## HYMN 224. C. M.

- 1 Oh ! where shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul !

- 1 'Tis vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life of love,  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,—  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath—  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end—our conquest  
Alone is found in thee ;  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

## HYMN 225.

*Day-spring among the Heathen.*

- 1 Christians see the orient morning  
Break along the heathen sky,

Lo the expected day is dawning,  
 Glorious day-spring from on high !  
 Hallelujah !

Hail the day-spring from on high !

2 Heathens at the sight are singing,  
 Morning wakes their greatful lays,  
 Precious offerings they are bringing,  
 First fruits of maturer praise !  
 Hallelujah !

3 Zion's sun salvation beaming,  
 Gilding now the distant hills,  
 Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,  
 All the world thy glory fills.  
 Hallelujah !

4 Then the vallies and the mountains  
 Breaking forth in joy shall sing,  
 Then the living crystal fountains  
 From the thirsty ground shall spring.  
 Hallelujah !

5 While the wilderness rejoices,  
 Roses shall the desert cheer ;  
 Then the dumb shall tune their voices,  
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.  
 Hallelujah !

6 Lord of every tribe and nation,  
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole,

Speed the light of thy salvation,  
Till it beam on every soul.

Hallelujah !

Hail the day-spring from on high !

**HYMN 226. s. m.**

- 1 And will you still despise  
Your dear Redeemer's love,  
And turn away your scornful eyes,  
And from his fold remove ?
- 2 But think what will you gain,  
If now you go astray,—  
What happiness can you obtain,  
In any other way ?
- 3 Tho' in the road to hell  
Some pleasure you may see ;  
Yet there eternally to dwell,  
How shocking must it be !
- 4 Our words can never paint,  
Nor can our hearts conceive,  
The horrors of the almost-saint,  
In that infernal cave.
- 5 Again recount the loss  
You must hereby sustain,—  
You lose the crown to shun the cross,  
And all you've done is vain,
- 6 The happiness you lose,  
Will infinitely swell

The burden of your boundless woes,  
And make a dreadful hell.

**HYMN 227. C. M.**

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That sav'd a wretch like me ;  
I once was lost, but now am found ;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine,  
But God who call'd me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

## HYMN 228.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye,  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting rapturous scene,  
 That rises to my sight ;  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green  
 And rivers of delight.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow.

There rocks and hills and brooks & vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day ;

There God the sun for ever shines,  
 And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath,  
 Can reach that happy shore :

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest ?

Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul  
 Would here no longer stay,

Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

## HYMN 229. S. M.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise,  
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er,  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou has got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on my soul till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

## HYMN 230.

- 1 Stop poor sinners and look yonder,  
See your sins like mountains rise,  
Ah ! astonishing the number,  
Higher mounting than the skies;  
Cry for mercy !  
Dread the death that never dies.

- 2 On the crumbling banks of ruin,  
 How can you securely dwell?  
 Sinners, vengeance is pursuing  
 And will sweep you down to hell.  
 Then to heaven  
 Finally you'll bid farewell!
- 3 Doom'd where sorrows behind sorrows  
 Follow on without controul;  
 Floods of vengeance big with horrors,  
 Without intermission roll.  
 Wrath vindictive  
 O'erwhelms the guilty soul.
- 4 Wrapt in sheets of black damnation,  
 There the curling flames surround,  
 Torments endless, no cessation,  
 Mercy there cannot be found.  
 Dismal yellings.  
 In those lower regions 'bound.
- 5 See yon sun how fast he hasteth,  
 Through the circuit of the skies,  
 How your golden moments wasteth,  
 Sinners pray at length be wise!  
 O he's setting,  
 And may set no more to rise.
- 6 See how fast your time is flying,  
 Will you sinners yet delay—  
 One is gone, another's dying,  
 O to God for mercy pray!

Time is precious,  
God may next call you away.

7 Now's the time for preparation,  
While the vital air you breathe,  
God is offering you salvation,  
Calls you yet to turn and live,  
Boundless mercy.  
All who comes he will receive.

**HYMN 231. c. m.**

- 1 Did'st thou dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me ?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or shall I basely flee ?
- 2 Forbid it Lord, that I should dread,  
To suffer shame or loss—  
O let me in thy foot-steps tread,  
And glory in thy cross !
- 3 Inspire my soul with love divine,  
And holy courage bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,  
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear  
The face of feeble man,  
Behold thy heavenly Captain's here,  
Before thee in the van !
- 5 O ! how my soul would rise and run  
At this reviving word !

Nor any painful sufferings shun,  
To follow thee my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,  
And call me what they will,  
If I may glorify thy name,  
And be thy servant still.

### HYMN 232.

- 1 Lo we see the sign appearing !  
Jesus comes the Judge severe !  
Hell a trembling, earth a quaking,  
Sinners fill'd with awful fear—  
Come to judgment—  
Stand your awful doom to hear !
- 2 See the world in flames a burning,  
Mountains, hills away they fly !  
Moon in blood, the stars are falling,  
Comets blazing through the sky !  
Thunders rolling—  
Sinners now for help they cry !
- 3 From the general conflagration,  
Mounts the righteous upon high :  
Gain the hope of their salvation,  
Live with God no more to die,  
Hallelujah !  
Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop my soul, look back and wonder,  
See the wicked left behind,

Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,  
 For a moment's ease to find,  
 Doom'd to sorrow,  
 In the lake of hell confin'd.

## HYMN 233.

- 1 Peace be unto this house,  
 The Son of peace draw near ;  
 But has my Master's Son  
 A tabernacle here ?  
 If so, then I will here remain ;  
 If not, adieu ! I'll go again.
- 2 My Master sent me here,  
 His Son a bride to find,  
 If to him you adhere,  
 If to him you are kind ;  
 If so, come go with me to-day,  
 If not, I'll go another way.
- 3 Lord send thy spirit forth,  
 Incline the heart also :  
 Lord grant Rebecca's voice,  
 I with the man will go—  
 'Twould make thy servants all rejoice,  
 To hear one speak with such a voice.

## HYMN 234, C. M.

*The judgment of Hypocrites.*

- 1 When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
 And saints surround their Lord,

- He calls the nations to attend,  
And hear his awful word.
- 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain  
"Will I the world reprove ;  
"Altars and rites, and forms are vain  
"Without the fire of love.
- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do  
"To bring their sacrifice ?  
"They call my statutes just and true,  
"But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,  
"And sin without controul ?  
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
"With anguish in your soul.
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear ;  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There's no deliv'rer there.

## HYMN 235. L. M

- 1 Vain man on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment :  
What pains, what loathsome maladies  
From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste ;  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;  
Till all his active powers are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust,

- 3 The glutton groans, and lothes to eat,  
 His soul abhors delicious meat ;  
 Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,  
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly  
 To God for help with earnest cry !  
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath  
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 O may the sons of men record  
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord  
 And let their thankful off'rings prove  
 How they adore their Maker's love.

## HYMN 236. C. M.

- 1 Death ! 'tis a melancholy day,  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forc'd away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes :  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies,  
 To darkness fire and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;  
 Let stubborn sinners fear ;  
 You must be driven from earth and dwell  
 A long forever there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face ;  
And thou, my soul look upward too,  
And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,  
'That promis'd heaven to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me Lord, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

### HYMN 237. C. M.

*For the first of June, 1813.*

- 1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice ;  
Behold the promis'd hour !  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice  
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,  
Are precious in our eyes ;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there ;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.

- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes ;  
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
And when his saints complain,  
It shan't be said, "that praying breath  
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when I am dead,  
And left on long record ;  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.

## HYMN 238. C. M.

- 1 I hate the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flattering breath ;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms,  
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear ;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis,  
To walk the road to heaven :  
Again he swells our sins, and cries  
They cannot be forgiven.
- 4 He bids young sinners, yet forbear  
To think of God or death ;

For prayer and devotion are,  
But melancholy breath.

- 5 He tells the aged, they must die,  
And 'tis too late to pray ;  
In vain for mercy, now they cry,  
For they have lost their day.
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,  
By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God cut short his pow'r,  
Let him in darkness dwell ;  
And that he vex the earth no more,  
Confine him down to hell.

#### HYMN 239. LAST DAY.

- 1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,  
Hark the trumpet's awful sound !  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round.  
How the summons  
Will the heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine ;  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say this God is mine :  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
     Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
 All the powers of nature shaken  
     By his looks—prepare to flee,  
         Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors past imagination,  
     Will surprise your trembling heart  
 When you hear your condemnation,  
     Hence accursed wretch depart !  
         Thou with Satan  
 And his Angels have thy part.
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
     Love and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, come up ye blessed,  
     See the kingdom I bestow !  
         You for ever  
 Shall my love and glory know.
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches  
     May this thought our courage raise,  
 Swiftly God's great day approaches  
     Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise.  
         We shall triumph,  
 When the world is in a blaze.

## HYMN 240. C, M.

- 1 Pray cast a look upon that bier,  
     A Corpse must preach to-day,

It tells the old and young and fair  
Their house is built of clay.

- 2 The strong may think their house a rock,  
Yet soon as Jesus calls,  
Some sickness brings a fatal shock,  
And down the building falls.
- 5 The limbs now lifeless, only crave  
A coffin for their bed,  
With leave to find a silent grave,  
And lodge among the dead.
- 4 The funeral knell you heard to-day  
By tolling tells your doom ;  
The hours are posting fast away,  
To lodge you in the tomb.
- 5 The Saviour yet invites you all  
To knock at mercy's gate ;  
Arise, arise for mercy call,  
Before it be too late.

### HYMN 241.

#### DEATH OF A CHILD.

- 1 An early summons Jesus sends,  
To call a child above,  
And whispers o'er the weeping friend,  
'Tis all the fruit of love.
- 2 To save the darling child from woe,  
And guard it from all harms,

From all the griefs you feel below,  
I call'd it to my arms.

- 3 Ah ! do not rashly with me strive,  
Nor vainly fast or weep ;  
The child tho' dead is yet alive,  
And only falls asleep.
- 4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,  
And feels no sorrow there ;  
'Tis by an heavenly parent fed,  
And needs no more your care.
- 5 To you the child was only lent—  
While mortal it was thine ;  
But now in robes immortal pent,  
It lives for ever mine.
- 6 Arise and run the heavenly road,  
Nor in dumb mourning sit :  
Look up towards the child's abode,  
And haste to follow it.

#### HYMN 242.

- 1 Heaven has confirmed the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die,  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men the tomb survey.  
Where you must quickly dwell,  
Hark how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell !

- 3 Once you must die, and once for all  
     The solemn purport weigh,  
 For know that heaven or hell attend  
     On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,  
     Must wake the Judge to see ;  
 And every word and every thought  
     Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
     My Saviour and my friend,  
 And far beyoud the reach of death,  
     With all his saints ascend.

### HYMN 243. L. M.

- 1 Ye mourners who in silent gloom,  
     Bear your dear kindred to the tomb,  
 Judge not—when christians go to rest,  
     They sleep in Jesus and are blest.
- 2 Call then to mind their faith, their love,  
     Their meetness for the realms above ;  
 And if to heaven a saint is fled.  
     O mourn the living not the dead !
- 3 Weep o'er the thousands that remain,  
     Deep sunk in sin or racked with pain ;  
 ✓ Mourn your own crimes & wicked ways,  
     And learn to number all your days.

## HYMN 244. C. M.

- 1 A dread and solemn hour,  
To us is drawing near,  
When we before the throne of God,  
All present shall appear.
- 2 What answer shall we give,  
When God himself demands,  
The uses of such times as these,  
In judgment at our hands ?
- 3 And must we then confess  
That all was spent in vain,  
The seasons that were once our own,  
But cannot be again.
- 4 This will be dark indeed—  
To regions of despair  
Our own neglect will sink us down,  
To mourn forever there.

## HYMN 245.

- 1 Come ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flattering joys of sense  
Assailed my foolish heart,  
While Satan with malicious skill,  
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,  
But fell to rise again ;

My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain.

- 4 Darkness and shame and grief  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind,  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cry'd ;  
He heard my plaintive sigh ;  
He heard and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.
- 6 O may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God ;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

HYMN 246. C. M.

- 1 O that I had a faithful friend  
To tell my secrets to ;  
On whose advice I might depend  
In every thing I do.
- 2 How do I wander up and down,  
And no one pities me ;  
I seem a stranger quite unknown,  
A son of misery.
- 3 None lends an ear to my complaints,  
Nor minds my cries and tears ;  
None comes to cheer me tho' I faint,  
Nor my vast burden bears.

- 4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,  
     And feel no want or woe,  
     Thro' this vast howling wilderness  
         I full of sorrows go.
- 5 O faithless soul, to reason thus,  
     And murmur without end,  
     Diu Christ expire upon the cross,  
         And is he not thy friend ?
- 6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,  
     And think their state so blest,  
     How great salvation hast thou seen,  
         And Jesus is thy rest !
- 7 What can this lower world afford,  
     Compar'd with gospel grace,  
     Thy happiness is in the Lord,  
         And thou shalt see his face.
- 8 How soon will God withdraw the scene,  
     And burn the world he made :  
     Then woe to carnal sinful men,  
         My soul lift up thy head.
- 9 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,  
     Constant and true and good,  
     He will be with thee to the end,  
         And bring thee safe to God.

### HYMN 247.

#### *The Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 Tho' in the outward church below  
     The wheat and tares together grow,

Jesus e'er long will weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger up :  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And Angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
 To recollect their stations here, [knew,  
 How much they heard, how much they  
 How long amongst the wheat they grew ?

For soon, &c.

3 O this will aggravate their case,  
 They perish'd under means of grace :  
 To them the word of life and faith  
 Became an instrument of death,

For soon, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
 Strangers might think we all were wheat;  
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
 Each heart appears without disguise.

For soon, &c.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,  
 Some for the sake of praying friends ;  
 Others the Lord against their will  
 Employes his counsels to fulfil.

For soon, &c.

6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
 His plan will not require them long :  
 In harvest when he saves his own,

The tares shall into hell be thrown,  
For soon the reaping time will come,  
And Angels shout the harvest home.

## HYMN 248. C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part :  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart !
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,  
Our wishes all above ;  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And shew a brother's love !
- 4 When love in one delightful stream  
Through every bosom flows,  
When union sweet and dear esteem,  
In every action glows !
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## HYMN 249.

*The Preacher's adieu !*

- 1 Adieu ! my dear brethren, adieu !  
Reluctant I give you my hand ;

No more to assemble with you.

Till we on Mount Zion shall stand,  
My heart swells with tender regret  
To leave your embraces so soon,  
Tho' heaven my course must direct,  
And others succeed in my room.

- 2 Your acts of benevolence past,  
Your gentle compassionate love.  
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,  
Though far from your sight I remove.  
While roving the wilds of the west,  
When through foreign regions I steer,  
Still friendship inspiring my breast,  
Shall then drop her own native tear.
- 3 Our labors will shortly subside,  
For vigor and life must decay ;  
But wisdom and truth shall abide,  
To pilot our souls on the way.  
As time rolls his seasons around,  
And truth shall new teachers inspire,  
O ! may we in love still abound,  
And after new conquests aspire.
- 4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,  
Till mortal commotions are past,  
Till nature and time are no more,  
Or we are in Paradise blest.  
Sweet comforting Spirit draw near,  
And send forth thy luminous rays,

My parting reflections to cheer.

And change lamentations to praise.

- 5 O may we conform to his will,  
 Aspiring for glory and peace,  
 Our covenant vows to fulfil,  
 Till Jesus shall sign our release :  
 Till suddenly wafted above,  
 Where saints in sweet harmony meet,  
 To feel all the pleasures of love,  
 And each happy conqueror greet.

HYMN 250. C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue,  
 Hinder me not my much lov'd friends,  
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames if Jesus leads,  
 I'll follow where he goes :  
 Hinder me not shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command ;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my Emanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
 Hinder me not—come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

## HYMN 251.

- 1 The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear,  
O may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near;
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest,  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,  
From every evil fear,  
May Angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appear.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

## HYMN 252. P. M.

- 1 See the eternal Judge descending,  
Seated on his Father's throne ;  
Now poor sinner Christ will shew thee  
He is the eternal Son.  
Trumpets call thee,  
Come to hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,  
     At the thoughts of future pain ;  
     Cries and tears he now is venting,  
         But he cries and weeps in vain.  
     Greatly mourning  
     That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder stands the lovely Saviour  
     With the marks of dying love,  
     O that I had sought his fayour  
         When I felt his spirit move :  
     Doomed justly,  
     For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his warnings I have slighted,  
     When he daily sought my soul,  
     If some vows to him I plighted,  
         Yet for sin I broke the whole :  
     Golden moments  
     How neglected did they roll.
- 5 Yonder stands my Godly neighbors,  
     Who were once despis'd by me,  
     They are clad in dazzling splendor,  
         Waiting my sad fate to see :  
     Farewell neighbors!  
     Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee.
- 6 Hail ye ghosts who dwell in darkness,  
     Grov'ling, rattling of your chains !  
     Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence,  
         For to dwell in endless pains :

Down I'm rolling,  
Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,  
Hell is not a feeble thing;  
Lo! I see my friends in glory,  
Round the throne they ever sing :  
I'm tormented  
By an everlasting sting.

### HYMN 253.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Ashamed of thee whom Angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus !—sooner far,  
Let evening blush to own a star !  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon !  
'Tis midnight with my soul till he  
Bright Morning-star bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend :  
No when I blush be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may  
When I've no sins to wash away

No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O ! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

**HYMN 254. s. m.**

- 1 My soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving Love.  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel —  
He knows our feeble frame.

- 6 Our days are as the grass,  
     Or like the morning flower ;  
     If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,  
         It withers in an hour.
- 7 But thy compassions Lord,  
     To endless years endure ;  
     And children's children ever find  
         Thy word of promise sure.

**HYMN 255. C. M.**

- 1 Youth when devoted to the Lord,  
     Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
     A flower though offered in the bad,  
         Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier work if we begin  
     To fear the Lord betimes,  
     While sinners who grow old in sin,  
         Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,  
     To mind religion young ;  
     Grace will preserve our following years,  
         And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee almighty God, to thee  
     Our hearts we now resign ;  
     'Twill please us to look back and see,  
         That our whole lives were thine.

**HYMN 256. C. M.**

- 1 Protect us Lord from fatal harm ;  
     Behold our rising woes ;

We trust alone thy powerful arm,  
To scatter all our foes.

- 2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,  
Their thoughts are full of guile ;  
While rage and malice swell their heart,  
They wear a peaceful smile.
- 3 O God of grace, thy guardian care  
When foes without invade,  
Or spread within a deeper snare,  
Supplies our constant aid.
- 4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,  
Thy heavenly truth extend ;  
All nations taste thy heavenly grace,  
And all delusion end.
- 5 With daily bread the poor supply,  
The cause of justice plead,  
And be thy church exalted high,  
With Christ the glorious head.

#### HYMN 257. I. M.

- 1 Amongst the assemblies of the great,  
A greater Ruler takes his seat ;  
The God of heaven as judge surveys,  
Those men on earth and all their ways.
- 2 They know not Lord, nor will they know,  
Dark are the ways in which they go:  
When will they once defend the poor,  
That foes may vex thy church no more.

3 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
    Possess his universal throne,  
And rule the nations with a rod :  
    He is our Judge and he our God.

231  
G. 21

THE END.



# CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Ah ! whither shall I go	5
Awake, nay while we sleep	15
A charge to keep I have	25
And am I born to die	37
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed	45
And are we yet alive	46
And wilt thou yet be found	58
Ah ! where am I now	66
And must this body die	68
Awhile in flesh disjoin'd	75
All praise to him that hath not put	80
A nation God delights to bless	105
And let our bodies part	110
Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name	111
As Jacob did in days of old	112
Awake Jerusalem, awake	113
And can I yet delay	134
All glory to the dying Lamb	146
Arise my soul arise	154
And must I be to judgment brought	171
And wilt thou, O eternal God,	196
And will you still despise	201
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound	202
An early summons Jesus sends	215
A dread and solemn hour	218
Adieu ! my dear brethren, adieu	222
Amongst the assemblies of the great	230
<b>B</b>	
Blow ye the trumpet blow	7

# CONTENTS.

*Page.*

Bid me of men beware	32
Beside the gospel pool	53
Behold the Saviour of mankind	63
Behold the great and awful day	97
Be it my only wisdom here	126
Before Jehovah's awful throne	158
Blest be the dear uniting love	167

## C

Come ye sinners poor and needy	6
Come O thou all-victorious Lord	19
Come dear friends and mourn with me	36
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost	42
Come and let us sweetly join	48
Come ye that love the Lord	91
Come Lord and help me to rejoice	120
Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost	125
Come Lord from above the &c.	133
Come thou Font of ev'ry blessing	138
Come Holy Spirit Heavenly Dove	145
Come let us anew our &c.	166 & 173
Comfort ye ministers of grace	177
Christians see the orient morning	199
Come ye that fear the Lord	218

## D

Dear friends farewell, I now must go	28
Death cannot make our souls afraid	33
Destruction's dismal road	104
Didst thou dear Jesus, suffer shame	206
Death ! 'tis a melancholy day	210
Day of judgment, day of wonder	213

## CONTENTS.

*Page.*

## F

Faith is the brightest evidence	55
From all who dwell below the skies	107
Forever here my rest shall be	129
Father, I stretch my hands to thee	147
Fountain of life to all below	150
Father, I dare believe	151
Father our hearts we lift	173

## G

Give to the winds thy fears	31
God is in this and ev'ry place	118
God of all grace and majesty	121
God of almighty love	126
God moves in a mysterious way	165
Gracious Redeemer, shake	190
Give me a sober mind	192

## H

Happy soul, thy days are ended	13
Hark ! hear the sound on earth is found	29
How hard and rugged is the way	52
Hark how the watchmen cry	61
How happy are they	64
Hark from the tombs a doleful sound	70
How beauteous are their feet	85
How vain are all things here below	87
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd	92
He that hath made his refuge God	103
How tedious and tasteless the hours	137
Head of the church triumphant	160
How do thy mercies close me round	162
How sweet how heavenly is the sight	222

# CONTENTS.

*Page*

How sad our state by nature is	180
How swift the torrent rolls	196
How still and peaceful is the grave	197
Heaven has confirmed the great decree	216

## I & J

Innumerable foes	14
I am, saith Christ the way	53
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	55
I know that my Redeemer lives	59
I and my house will serve thee, Lord	79
I want a principle within	122
Infinite, unexhausted love	124
I ask the gift of righteousness	152
I the good fight have fought	188
I hate the tempter and his charms	212
In fellowship alone	192
In all my Lord's appointed ways	224
Jesus, my strength, my hope	24
Jesus, my life, thyself apply	27
Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep	31
Jesus, we thus obey	43
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	47
Jesus my all to heav'n is gone	59
Jesus, I throw my arms around	73
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way	74
Jesus hath died that I might live	83
Jesus, thy blessings are not few	107
Jesus, if still thou art to-day	114
Jesus, thou all redeeming Lord	123
Jesus, my truth, my way	131
Jesus, and shall it ever be	227,

CONTENTS.	<i>Page.</i>
Jesus, thou everlasting King	133
Jesus, my Lord, attend	135
Jesus, the all sustaining Word	143
Jesus, my rest, how unspeakably blest	144
Jesus to you his fulness brings	181
Jesus we look to thee	187
Jesus the conqu'ror reigns	189
<b>L</b>	
Lovers of pleasure more than God	8
Long have I seem'd to serve the Lord	20
Lord Jesus, wken, when shall it be	21
Let all who truly bear	42
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray	44
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear	44
Like sheep we went astray	57
Lo he comes with clouds descending	67
Let every mortal ear attend	71
Let sinners take their conrse	80
Let him to whom we now belong	84
Lord of the harvest, hear	94
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus	98
Lord we come before thee now	106
Lord I believe thy ev'ry word	129
Lord all I am is known to thee	151
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	198
Lo, we see the sign appearing	207
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	211
<b>M</b>	
My Saviour, my almighty friend	16
My God, my life, my love	22
My head and stay is gone away	57

# CONTENTS.

*Page.*

My Saviour's wounded side	41
My God, my portion and my love	60
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	96
Men of God, go take your stations	109
My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so	117
My God, I know I feel thee mine	139
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou	142
My God, the spring of all my joys	157
My gracious loving Lord	182
Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n	185
My soul, be on thy guard	204
My soul repeat his praise	228

## O

O for a thousand tongues to sing	5
O that I could repent	8
O God ! our help in ages past	10
O may thy powerful word	59
O for that tenderness of heart	73
O magnify God's majesty	82
O bless the Lord my soul	86
O for an overcoming faith	87
O what a glorious sight appears	90
On Afric's land our fathers roam'd	93
On all the earth thy spirit shower	95
O Lord, how many are my foes	101
O that I could my Lord receive	116
O for a heart to praise my God	127
O that my load of sin were gone	130
O sun of righteousness arise	136
O joyful sound of gospel grace	141

# CONTENTS.

*Page.*

<b>O</b> let me hear thy quick'ning voice	148
<b>O</b> ft have we passed the guilty night	149
<b>O</b> tell me no more of this world's &c.	156
<b>O</b> thou God of my salvation	159
<b>O</b> glorious hope of perfect love	161
<b>O</b> h for a closer walk with God	168
<b>O</b> that I could repent	183
<b>O</b> that I could revere	183
<b>O</b> come and dwell inme	186
<b>O</b> h ! where shall rest be found	198
<b>O</b> n Jordan's stormy banks I stand	203
<b>O</b> that I had a faithful friend	219

## P

<b>P</b> lungh'd in a gulf of dark despair	63
<b>P</b> our out your soul to God	193
<b>P</b> eace be unto this house	208
<b>P</b> ray cast a look upon that bier	214
<b>P</b> rotect us Lord, from fatal harm	229

## R

<b>R</b> ejoice, the Lord is King	155
-----------------------------------	-----

## S

<b>S</b> hepherd divine our wants relieve	23
<b>S</b> hall wisdom cry aloud	39
<b>S</b> hall we go on to sin	54
<b>S</b> ing to the Lord, ye heavenly host	69
<b>S</b> alvation ! O the joyful sound	70
<b>S</b> aviour of sinful men	74
<b>S</b> ee Lord, with pity see	76
<b>S</b> ince Jesus freely did appear	78
<b>S</b> ure there's a righteous God	108
<b>S</b> tay thou insulted spirit stay	115

## CONTENTS.

Page.

Saviour of the sin sick soul	140
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes	175
Sinners the call obey	179
Spirit of faith come down	184
Stop poor sinners and look yonder	204
See the eternal Judge descending	225

## T

Thee we adore eternal name	11
Thou son of God, whose flaming eyes	18
The praying Spirit breathe	23
The thing my God doth hate	26
The Saviour meets his flock to-day	30
The times draw nigh when you and I	34
Try us O God, and search the ground	47
The saints of ancient days	49
Tis my happiness below	50
The souls that would to Jesus press	51
The Lord of earth and sky	77
Thy name almighty Lord	82
The Lord appears my helper now	83
The Lord Jehovah calls	85
Thou man of griefs remember me	119
*Tis a point I long to know	153
Tho' troubles assail and dangers &c.	163
Thou judge of quick and dead	169
Terrible thought ! shall I alone	170
The pow'r to bless my house	189
Thou see'st my feebleness	191
The great archangel's trump &c.	195

## CONTENTS.

Page.

Tho' in the outward church below	220
The day is past and gone	225
	V
Vain man thy fond pursuits forbear	194
Vain man on foolish pleasures bent	209
	W
When rising from the bed of death	12
Why should the children of a King	17
Welcome, sweet day of rest	34
With joy we meditate the grace	56
When I can read my title clear	62
Wake up my muse, condole the loss	76
Why do we mourn for dying friends	95
When Paul was parted from his friends	97
Why should this earth delight us so	100
Wo to the men on earth who dwell	102
What tho' a thousand at thy side	103
Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave	144
Why should we start and fear to die	172
While shepherds watch'd, &c.	176
We lift our hearts to thee	178
When Christ to judgment shall descend	208
	Y
Yes, we trust the day is breaking	40
Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain	72
Ye fearful saints march on	88
Ye weary heaven laden'd souls	89
Ye virgin souls arise	100
Young men and maidens, raise	105
Ye mourners who in silent gloom	217
Youth when devoted to the Lord	229

